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How to Keep from Writing, by Nancy Hale

Saturday Review

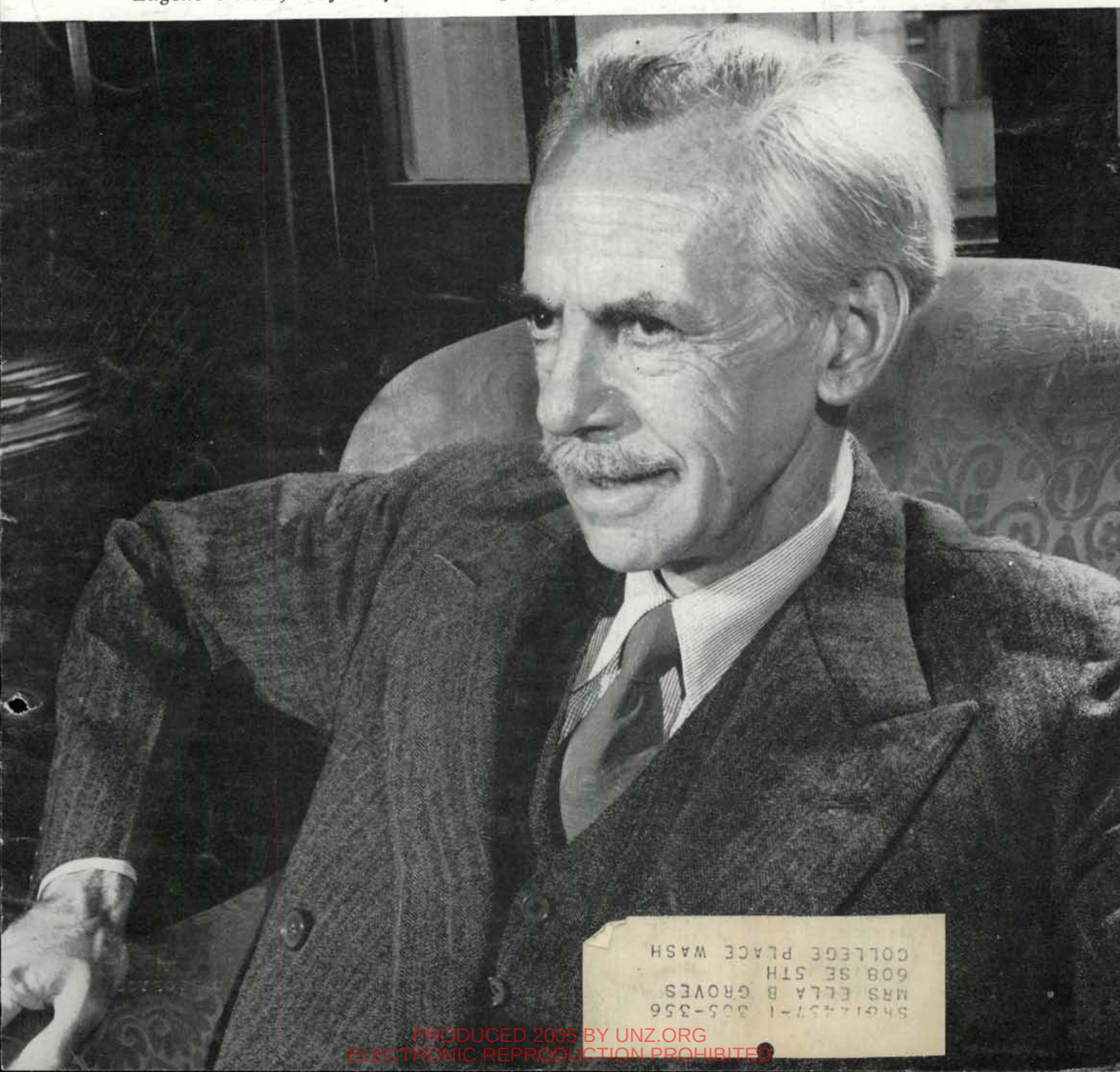
APRIL 7, 1962 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

WHEN IS A NEW IDEA FIT TO PRINT?

John Lear's Answer to Seven Eminent Scientists

Eugene O'Neill, subject of a new biography by Arthur and Barbara Gelb (See Books)



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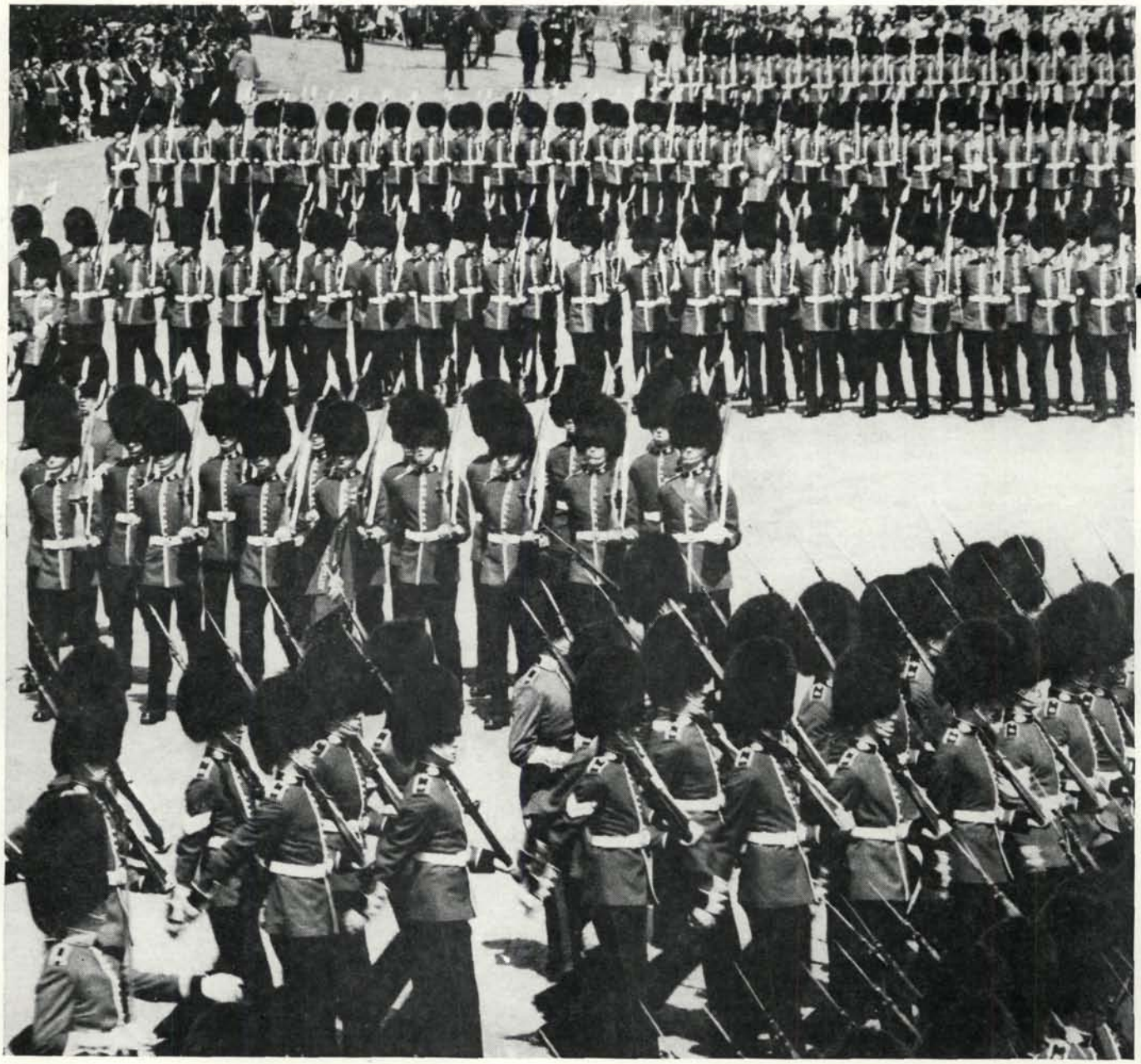

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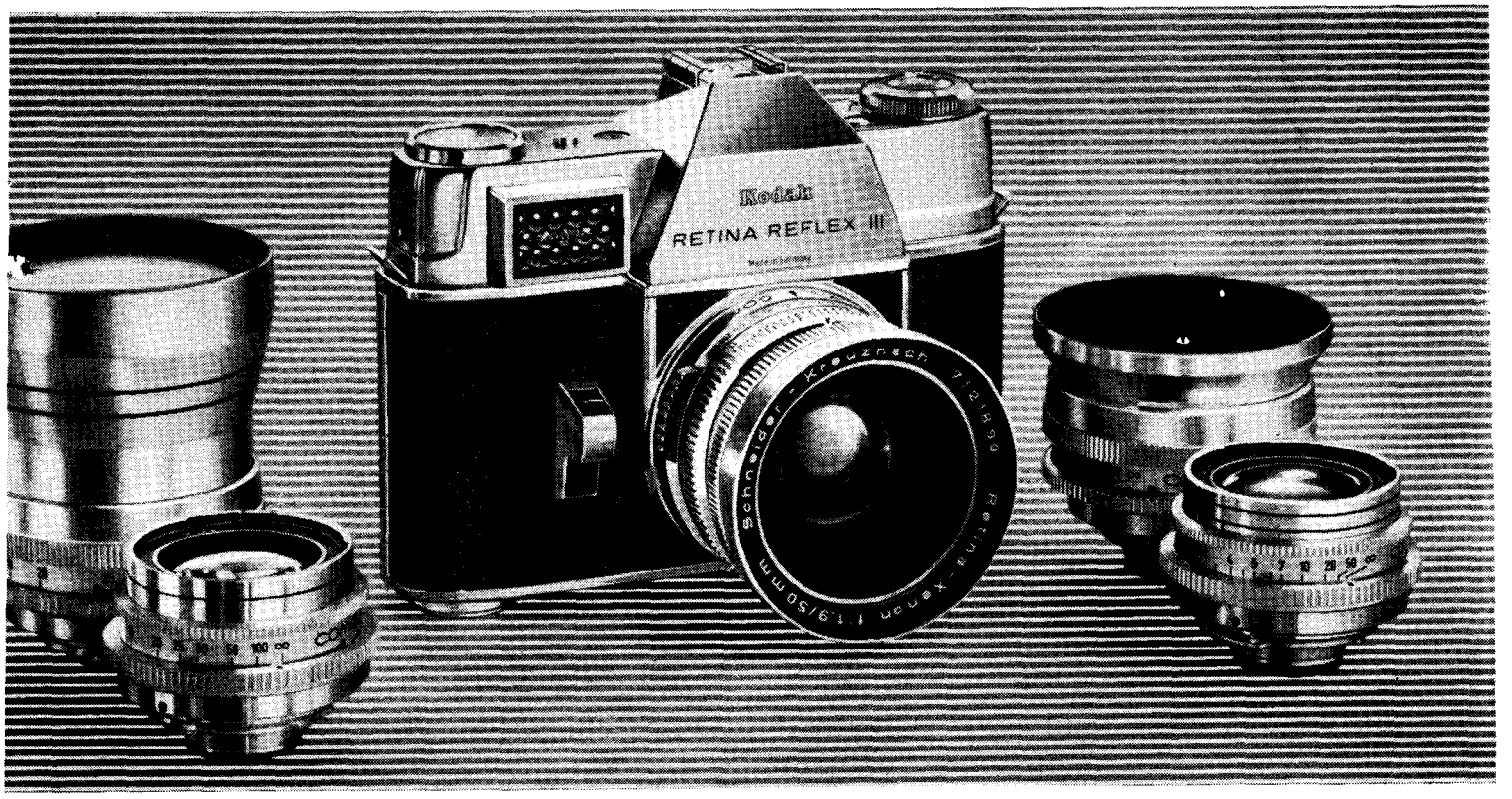

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(Advertisement)

I've always thought that the game of gin rummy needed a good how-to book written about it. As a matter of fact, I was sitting at my desk this morning thinking that very thought when an unseen hand pitched a small volume in front of me.

The book was called "How to Talk at Gin," which seemed to me an interesting if somewhat oblique approach to the game. From the moment I opened it, I realized that the author had caught the true essence of gin rummy. Far from treating it as a mere card game, the sport was described in its real guise, as a microcosm of our society.

Well, maybe not of *our* society. In fact, further thought leads to the conclusion that "How to Talk at Gin" is not about anything that ever happened anywhere. This is quite reasonable when you discover that the author was the late comic genius, Ernie Kovacs.

The Kovacs world, as you'll remember, was not so much pure Wonderland as it was a highly filtered version of the real one, wildly off-center, viewed by a mind that could not bear a commonplace of any sort. The universe that appears in "How to Talk at Gin" is a true and delirious figment of an imagination we all loved.

Those who read Mr. Kovacs' novel, "Zoomar," know full well that his wit was as sure in print as it was visually. Humor being so personal a matter, I cannot guarantee that you'll find "How to Talk at Gin" funny. I can, however, say with perfect confidence that it won't teach you a thing.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"How to Talk at Gin" ($2.95), by Ernie Kovacs, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies are available from your local bookseller, or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 105 East City Line Avenue, Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Saturday Review

APRIL 7, 1962

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PART ONE — Party History: 1919-1933 . . . Speeches, Berlin: March 21, 1933 . . . **von Hindenburg, Hitler** and **Goering** . . . **Hitler:** July 1934 . . . Worker's Party Song: 1936 at Nuremberg . . . Hitler's **Badenweiler March** —S.S. Band . . . **Deutschland Uber Alles** sung at Mass Meeting

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PART THREE — *Hitler at Buergerbraukeller,* **Munich:** Nov. 11, 1939 . . . **Goebbels** at Posen: Jan. 19, 1940 . . . **Mussolini** from Rome, Declaration of War on England and France June 10, 1940 . . . German Radio—Victory Announcements June 14, 1940 . . . **Marshal Petain** and **General Keitel** at **surrender of France** in Compiegne, June 22, 1940 . . . **Hitler Speech** to German Parliament July 19, 1940

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PART FIVE — Battle of the **North Atlantic** . . . German High Command Radio Announcement, fanfare music preceding report of submarine victories March 14, 1942 . . . **Winston Churchill Speech to R.A.F.** and **Royal Navy:** Spring 1942 . . . **Nazi** marching song (England's defeat) "Heute wollen wir ein Liedlein singen" . . . **Hitler:** April 26, 1942 German Parliament

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PART SEVEN — Actual air raid announcement from Anti-Aircraft Command No. 1, Berlin, Summer 1943 . . . **Hitler:** Sept. 11, 1943 **Italian collapse** speech . . . D-Day: June 6, 1944 . . . **Hitler:** July 20, 1944, after assassination attempt . . . **Himmler:** November 1944 . . . **Goebbels:** German miracle weapons speech **Hitler's last public address:** Jan. 30, 1945 . . . Deutschland Uber Alles . . . **Goebbels:** April 19, 1945, radio speech "Plutocratism vs. Bolshevism"

PART EIGHT — German radio announcement: **Hitler's death** . . . **Doenitz** from Berlin: May 1, 1945 . . . **German surrender** . . . **Finale,** score "Conquerors of the Ages" written by Edmond de Luca, performed by London Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Reinhard Linz

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By CLEVELAND AMORY

MARCH will be remembered, among other things, for the fact that, for the first time since anybody could remember, the country had a real old-fashioned and, literally, all-around hero. By his own magnificent sense of proportion, John Hershel Glenn somehow managed, almost overnight it seemed, to put everything else in proportion—all the way from Khrushchev and Castro to the tantrums of Jack Paar and the love life of Liz Taylor.

• • •

Elsewhere on the astronaut scene, however, there was increasing irritation over the fact that *Life* magazine, for $500,000, owned all firsthand life-and-wife stories of the men. And somehow the irritation was not lessened by the fact that each of them chose to spend his $71,428.57 on a Florida motel.

• • •

On the show business front, the big news was the announced return of Princess Grace to the Hollywood wars and the summary ousting of Oliver Treyz, president of ABC (the man who has been called "The Mahatma of Mediocrity" was handed his discharge by a messenger at Idlewild Airport). Elsewhere on the TV scene, NBC's New York station canceled a "Biography" program of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, at the demand of the Windsor lawyers. This is the second time this has happened; it happened to CBS two years ago. Actually, as we have better reason than the networks to know, it is far from certain that the lawyers will pursue the case. (Now, the real reason was that the Windsors are already working on their "own" program of their lives.) We particularly enjoyed the NBC substitution—a "biography" of Gandhi—and we also like the reason given by the Windsor lawyers. It was, they said, an invasion of the Windsors' "privacy." Somehow, we'd give our eye teeth to see that tested in court—either municipal or St. James.

• • •

On the book front at the National Book Awards, the two panel discussions stole the show. At the publicity panel Bob Cromie of the Chicago *Tribune* teed off the liveliest discussion—anti-best-seller lists—and told the way the *Tribune* got into it, via the dropping, first of salacious books and second of the lists entirely. Cromie's stories of the inaccuracy of the lists were seconded not only by Stanton Peckham of the Denver *Post* (whose "Recommended by Roundup" of his reviews was the country's first displacement of the lists) but also by David Appel of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Appel, who has also dropped the B.S. list, went even beyond Cromie's charge that the stores reported overstocked books—he said Philadelphia stores often reported books they didn't even have in stock.

• • •

As for the award for fiction to "The Moviegoer," the longest shot in the history of the awards, it remained for author Gay Talese to scoop the entire book world on this—by his story, emanating out of a book award panel at Columbia, that A. J. Liebling more or less became intrigued with Walker Percy's book because it was about New Orleans—a place about which *he* had written a book—and in turn brought it to the attention of his wife, authoress Jean Stafford, who was not only a Book Award judge but was at the time, according to Liebling, reading "inferior novels." Miss Stafford, in turn, brought it to the attention of the other judges.

• • •

Elsewhere on the book front, Johnny Hutchens really started something with an article entitled "Books We Could Do Without." We liked best the do-withouts of our friend Grace Zaring Stone in the *Authors Guild Bulletin:*

> All books about one's family that can be divided into two types: One, they were extraordinary, witty, whimsical, adorable, unlike-anybody-else, and I-loved-them-dearly. Two, they were plain square, insensitive, vulgar, unimaginative, and did not appreciate dear-sensible-me.

• • •

Our favorite letter of the month was from Van H. Cartmell in *Town & Country* magazine:

> Dear Editor,
>
> There is definitely need of a new bid in bridge. By this I do not mean a new convention—those keep cropping up at frequent intervals in accordance with recurring economic pressures on the writing experts—but rather an actual new call. . . .
>
> After prolonged study, I have

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evolved a thoroughly satisfactory innovation. It will come as great solace to the imaginative but uneasy bidder. It will act as an effective curb on the extravagances of overoptimistic partners and, most important of all, it will bring renewed interest and opportunity to the poor devil who is a consistently bad holder. The habitual recipient of those cards that in bridge problems are indicated by a small "x" will be freed from his dreary succession of passes. The evenly divided jack-high hand will still have something to say about the final contract.

This new bid will take the gleam out of the eye of the overbearing opponent. It will restore the confidence of the downtrodden. It will open up a fine new line of argument and probably result in the rearrangement of a good many rusty partnerships. Its possibilities as an enlivener of the domestic scene are enormous.

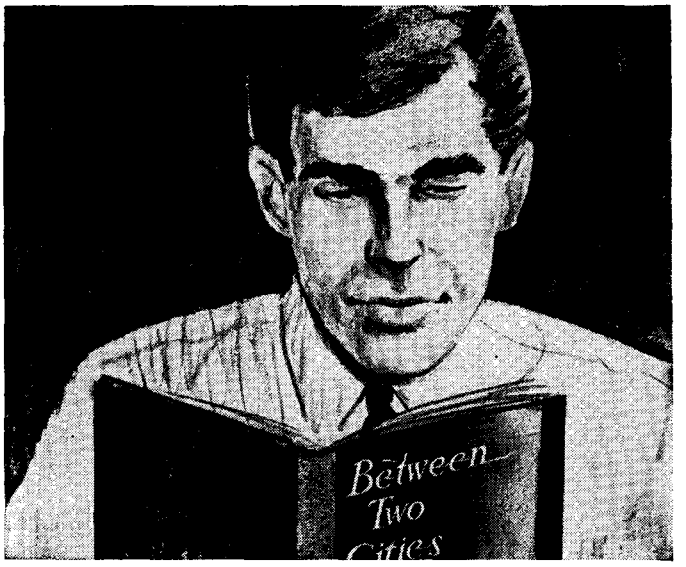
It is called the "undouble."

• • •

On the art front there were two forthcoming festivals in honor of the "other" Grand Old Man of Art—eighty-year-old David Burliuk—one to be held at Hofstra College and the other at Fairleigh Dickinson. No mean man with his hands, Burliuk once offered, to a doubtful critic, to paint a picture with his feet.

• • •

And on Sunday, April 8, at the 46th Street Theatre, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Russel Crouse (telephone TE 8-6322) and produced and directed by John Fearnley, for the benefit of the World Federalists, there will be a "musical biography" of a man who was a cockeyed optimist, who was stuck like a dope with a thing called hope and who couldn't get it out of his head. His name, of course, was Oscar Hammerstein II, and he was the most beloved man in the history of the American theatre. For him words didn't come in an easy way, and neither do they for anyone trying to write about him.



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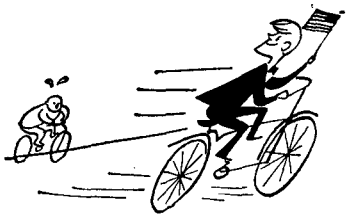
TRADE Winds

LIKE EVERY OTHER nation, the Russians are telling jokes about the Establishment. Here's one a traveler repeats for us. It is decided to settle the rivalry



between East and West by a bicycle race. The race is run and the next day *Pravda* reports:

"A world championship bicycle race took place yesterday between the President of the United States, John Kennedy, and the Prime Minister of the Soviet Union, Nikita Khrushchev. The President of the United States came in next to last."

ANOTHER ONE the Muscovites have been laughing at, according to *Atlas* magazine, also concerns competition. The teacher asks her star pupil, Ivan, to tell about life in America. He answers:

"All American workers are unemployed. Only the capitalists have enough to eat. Negroes are lynched every day and the people are very unhappy."

"Very good, Ivan," says the teacher. "Now tell us about life in the Soviet Union."

"There is full employment in the Soviet Union. The state provides for the individual's needs; schools are free and the people are very happy."

"Excellent, Ivan. Now suppose you tell us the latest Party slogan."

"Certainly. 'We must catch up with and surpass the United States.' "

REQUESTS FOR more than 2,500 copies of the forthcoming Freedom-to-Read Bulletin of the Book Publishers Council came in to them as a result of our January 27 column on book censorship. People sent me more news, too. The big case in California was the six weeks' trial of "Tropic of Cancer," in which the City Attorney saved the residents from that book.

The proceedings were embarrassing, however, in more ways than one. In the course of his testimony against the book the president of Los Angeles State College, which has a student body of 16,000, said he had never heard of "The Sun Also Rises" or "Butterfield 8." Regarding "By Love Possessed," he said the title "rings a little bell, but not very much." As for Matisse, whose name was tossed in, the man said, "I may have heard of him, at lectures and so forth."

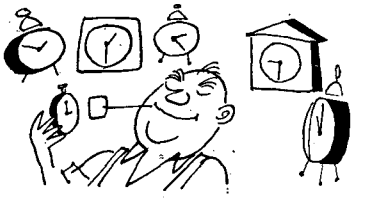
Another educator, who had served for thirty-eight years as superintendent of Los Angeles city schools, had heard of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" but couldn't identify the author. As for "God's Little Acre," he thought it was by Faulkner.

And as a result of all this, as always, "Tropic of Cancer" sells better than ever. My own opinion is that if a copy of Henry Miller's book were left on every coffee table in America, very few people could force themselves to read it.

WHEN SONNY LISTON was matched with some incompetent fellow a while back, he took a humorous view of the fight. After the weighing-in ceremony, a reporter asked him about his opponent.

"What did you think of his physical appearance?"

Liston replied, "Do you mean the fact that he showed up?"



BARBARA WALKER just heard another story from one of her Irish friends in Dublin. Seems the lady had a 1:30 appointment in town. Prior to leaving, she paid a quick visit to her aged gardener, and noticed that his rusty greenhouse clock read 1:20.

"Paddy, is that the right time?" she asked in alarm.

From his pocket he pulled an old watch which read 1:05. The lady remarked on the discrepancy, wondering which was nearest the correct time.

Unconcerned, Paddy said, "Now what would be the sense of havin' *two* timepieces, if they was both the same?"

SHARPS AND FLATS: From at least one standpoint, the most remarkable institution of its kind is Brien McMahon High School in Norwalk, Connecticut. There are no bells to signal the begin-

49 PROOF

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ning and end of classes. Ask the students how they like the school, and that's the first thing they tell you: no bells. It's wonderful.

►A heavy-set, genial fellow named Mortimer Chance is well known for his predictions of the future and his reports on the past. Known to his friends by the familiar nickname "Fat," Mr. Chance was the one who told me that the John Glenn story would appear in *Look* magazine. He once swore that he had heard an announcer interrupt a commercial to flash a late news bulletin. Well, Fat Chance now tells me that he attended a publishers' party for an author from 5:30 to 7 p.m. and no drinks were served.

►What ever happened to the good old precise term "air sickness," asks one of my flying readers. On United Airlines the convenient bag is labeled "For Motion Discomfort."

►David Scull says it isn't often one is in on the birth of a brand new word in the English language. He was. He called a customer, and when the man's phone didn't answer, the operator asked, "Would you like to speak with his leaveword?"

►Trudy Drucker insists this is true. Her mother was prowling among the paperbacks on one of her infrequent visits to a bookstore. Suddenly she pointed to a whole row and exclaimed, "Look! Now they're writing *books* about Perry Mason, too!"

►As for Aaron Stookey's comment about how the world is divided into two kinds of people, Richard S. Baca says obviously Mr. Stookey doesn't realize that all generalizations are false.

►Jon Bracker tells me of some friends of his in Austin, Texas, who live next door to a pleasant fellow who is a receiver of stolen goods. He says they never tire of saying, "Fences make good neighbors."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1461)

GUY MURCHIE:
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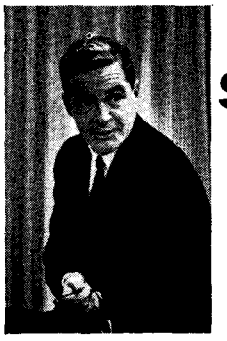

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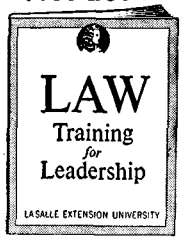

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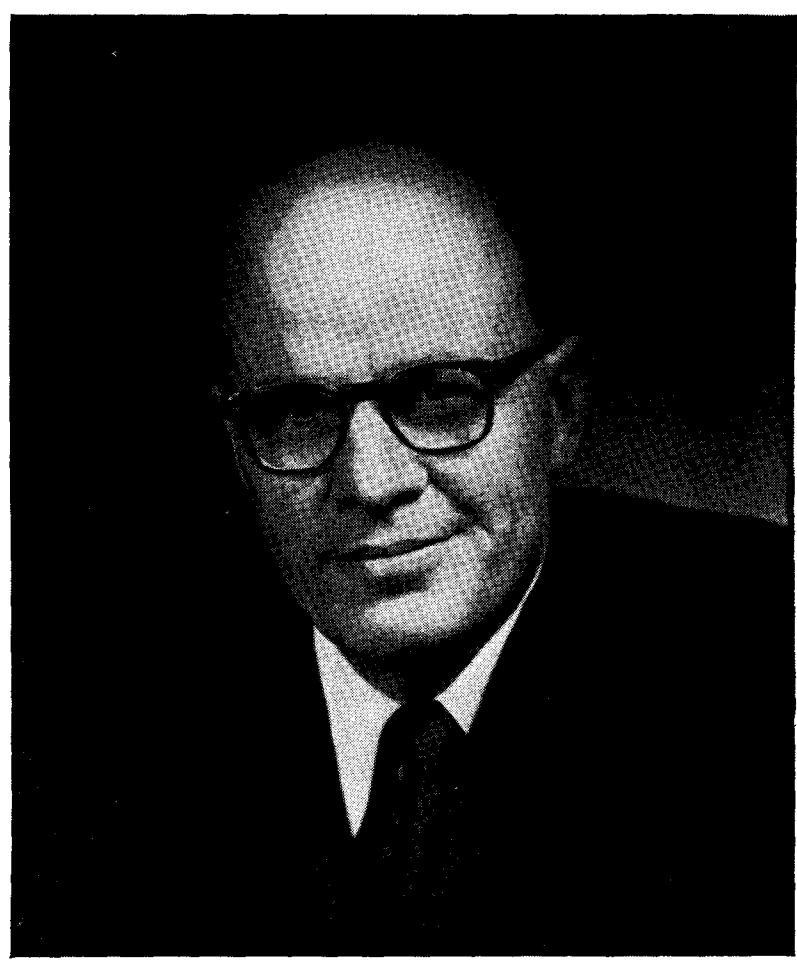

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Saturday Review
APRIL 7, 1962

HOW TO KEEP FROM WRITING

By NANCY HALE, *novelist and short story writer.*

SO MUCH has been said about writing that it might not be amiss to say a word about *not*-writing; about the state that almost all writers get into at times, when they either can't write at all—have no ideas, perhaps—or can't write what they want to, at least in the way they want to. It is an all too familiar state to writers, and it might possibly prove as helpful to discuss some of the reasons for such a state, and some of the cures for it, as to talk solely about when one is in the groove.

Possibly the most constructive and the most successful approach to these states is summed up in the phrase "lying fallow." Just as a field cannot be planted and harvested year after year without an occasional off year which adds immeasurably, in the end, to its eventual yield, a mind cannot go on and on creating and producing in the same groove, or, shall we say, rut. Or rather, it *can* go on doing just that, but with results which are not creative at all, but destructive, tragic.

What is needed, in a mind as in a field, is change—change of crop, change of cycle. But while you can plant alfalfa or kudzu in a field to refresh it and make it newly fertile, a mind must produce its own changes, out of the same depths which sent up the created works. For we are not discussing the kind of change which is meant by a trip abroad, or by a new hat, but the profounder change which will result in a new creation. It is the kind of change that is most clearly recognized when it is not forthcoming.

Readers used to say of Marquand's work, for years, "Why does he keep writing the same story over and over? Why doesn't he change sometimes?" Well, why didn't he? The theme that Marquand repeated so often was of the sensitive young man with an inferiority complex, out in the hard-boiled world of modern materialistic values, and he repeated it so often that we may feel justified in assuming that this was something he needed badly to say. It was, in fact (although dressed in a variety of different costumes), Marquand's own psychological dilemma, a dilemma he explained to himself and to the world so often that we must also assume that he, himself, needed too to grasp this idea and understand it, very badly indeed. We might also assume that a maturer Marquand might have replied, finally, to the self that kept sending him this message, something like, "Yes, I get it. I see that, thank God, I'm no longer a young man with any reason to feel inferior, I'm a grown man with great talent and considerable powers." Then, just possibly, we might assume that he could go on from there, whenever the fresh theme, the fresh angle of the life problem every man faces till the day he dies, arose to capture his imagination. But this never happened. Marquand never dealt with the problem that kept presenting itself in his fiction, or accepted it in any way that would allow him to pass on to the next thing.

To the reader looking on, it seems tragic that Marquand was never able to see that a writer, in writing his best, is always communicating not only with the world but with himself. He is telling a tale not only to the world but to himself; a tale disguised, it is true (as when a child puts his wrath into a story of a wicked king who goes around killing everybody), but a tale *somebody* is supposed to hear, and understand, and to do something about. It is a cry for help. Great art is like love, in that it does not move only out, or only in, but both out and in at once. It has a meaning for the world, and a

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meaning for its own creator. But the majority of writers are unaware that their products reflect their own psychological status, or that there is anything for them to gain from their works in addition to skill, money, and prestige. I don't mean that art is a psychological exercise. I mean that the problem engaging the mind is the problem of the self, and art solves the problem.

The unawareness of this has something to do, I think, with the assumption everywhere prevalent today, that productivity is good and nonproductivity is bad. As Aldous Huxley points out, it is the West's concept that contemplation is only a means to action. Action is everywhere the acknowledged desideratum. But the trouble with continuous, uninterrupted productivity is that it is hermetically sealed off from change. There is no time to reflect, in a career which demands ceaseless productivity, and without reflection there can be no change, no time to see the "slow miracles of thought take shape through patience into grace."

Poor Sinclair Lewis watched as though aghast, as his novels became weaker in quality, while he churned out one after another of them. His self-respect was based upon his being a writer, a successful one and a good one. He had to keep writing to support his self-respect. His novels changed, all right; they deteriorated,

while he sat helpless over the typewriter unable to stop what was happening. If Lewis could have reread his great novels—"Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," and "Main Street"—not only to admire what he had done but to hear what he was trying to say to himself, he might, like Marquand if he had done that, have learned something to free him to go on to something different and better still.

It has often been remarked in literary criticism that the reason first novels are so often their writers' best work is that those first novels draw upon a whole childhood full of brooding, of reflection, of wandering in the woods, of private anguish and secret delight. *Not*, you will notice, of hectic activity. Of melancholy, rather; of inertia. Yet it has been less often remarked that when comparable periods of inertia strike an adult writer, he tends to flee them with cries of horror, terming them periods of depression or else of "running dry."

What if he is not running dry at all? What if his organism is doing its best to present him, through what we earlier called lying fallow, with a time of restocking his pond, of letting the laurels he has cut down grow up again? What if, by rejecting what is happening to him (and will happen to him anyway whether he likes it or not), he is turning away from an opportunity to feel, smell, touch, and hear life in the pristine state he experienced it in as a child—not as a writer but as a human being? What if he is losing his opportunity to become a better writer?

Looked at in this sense, the periods of nonproductivity which come to every writer may be seen as, not sterile, but creative, in a different sense than in the periods of his production. What is involved is the relation between art and life. Life, of course, feeds art, gives grist to its mill, and art in turn can feed life, supplying the writer with answers to his problems and the key to further development. This movement in to art and then out again to real life has the motion—wavelike, flowing, nonrepetitive—that, it seems to me, is characteristic of all real thought. It is productivity in a straight, unbroken line; it is unceasing hammering on the same note; it is the blind drive to action and the flight from contemplation, that seem to me to be against life. In other words, the cure (if we ought to call it a cure) for periods of not-writing isn't to rail against nonproductivity, or compulsively to repeat old formulas that have worked in the past. It is an open-minded receptivity to whatever will be sent. It is an acceptance of the essential place lying fallow has in the cycle of creativity. The great thing for the writer is to have faith that he will write again. If he keeps his wits about him and looks and listens acutely enough, he may even write better.

Scott Fitzgerald was a writer who in the whole body of his work displays an astonishing capacity to change and develop. He was one that seemed able to learn from his mistakes and from the account of himself embodied in his fiction, and go on to new things. Otto Friedrich, in an article on Fitzgerald, comments on the childish and boring preoccupation with money and glamour which looms so large in Fitzgerald's early successes, "This Side of Paradise" and "The Beautiful and Damned." Their characters, Friedrich says, are "not essentially damned, but damned drones, who would never have had a moment's anxiety if only some kind fate had supported them in the style to which they were accustomed. Even such clichés would have fitted them to perfection." If these two books had not been followed by the great work by which they in fact were followed, it is doubtful whether they would be read or even remembered today.

But they were. They were written by a man whose talent, far from the swimming pool with a limited content Fitzgerald himself fancied energy to be, was like a spring which could turn and

twist, find new outlets and keep flowing, whether underground or over it. The novels we have mentioned, with their shoddy glamour and absurd characters, were followed by "The Great Gatsby," one of the most nearly perfect novels of our time; and in the character of Jay Gatsby we are privileged to see the artist portray, satirize, and totally understand that worship of money which the same artist was a sucker for in his two first novels.

Somewhere in between he has learned a lot. He has changed. It is hard to realize that the great book is by the same man who wrote the silly ones. Where did Fitzgerald's change of outlook come from? It has been traced to a succession of failures that came to him after his first startling triumph. One might add at this point that success does not tend to produce change in a writer, but, on the contrary, more of the same. It is failure that makes a man think; makes him stop, look, and listen. Why have I failed, a man will ask himself; and it is the intelligent response to this question that results in real changes.

In Toynbee's historical work he speaks again and again of the dynamic mechanisms which he terms withdrawal and return, and challenge and response, by which, he demonstrates, all the great changes of history have been made possible. In its simplest form this basic mechanism may be seen when a man, confronted with a decision to make about something out in the world, with-

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draws, if only momentarily, into himself to make up his mind, and then emerges, his choice made.

Failure is such a confrontation — for failure is a fact, and what is the author of the failure going to do about it? He must climb into some sort of hole. He must in fact *construct* for himself a hole, to climb down into before he can make any intelligent move to change the situation. The hole that the writer limbs down into is, I think, much the same hole that he climbs into in order to write; but on the type of occasion we are discussing he climbs into it, not to imagine another story, but to imagine a kind of self that could be capable of writing another kind of story.

A change, to be a valuable change, is always in the direction of truth. Not, I hasten to say, literal truth (Jay Gatsby is nothing like the Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald who grew up in St. Paul, Minnesota), but in the direction of a deeper truth. We might oversimplify and say that it was Fitzgerald's seeing through the illusion of money and glamour, to a balanced truth about them, which both made "Gatsby" a great book, and Fitzgerald the writer who could write it. This is oversimplifying, because to embrace the pious clichés is of itself of no value to a writer. It is a new seeing that is called for. William James says that the simplest, basic experience of mysticism is that moment when one suddenly realizes a new meaning for an adage; when one is visited by its new meaning as by a dawn. Just so, the kind of experience Fitzgerald had in regard to some of his earlier illusions must have been of a profound and emotional kind — a real change; a conversion.

The reason so many people — and not only writers — are afraid of change may be because change feels so destructive. In fact, change *is* destructive, in that, through it, the old is done away with. It is my theory that perhaps the reason writers are so often frightened of their seemingly unproductive periods is that, during them, fantasies of destruction in the form of melancholy and depression so often occur. But it is these very phantoms that they must turn to account.

How should a writer behave when he is dumped down into that state which a novelist friend of mine calls "in the soup"? What must he do when he further withdraws, into fallowness, from that other, earlier withdrawal from life which is art itself?

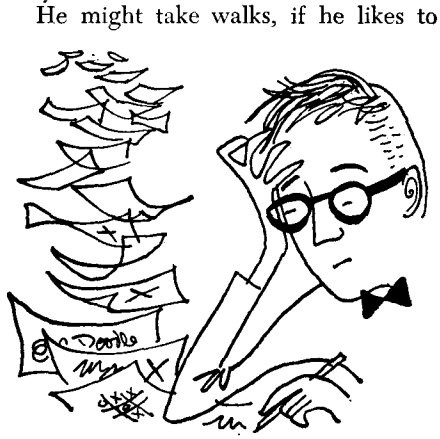
I might say that in that earlier withdrawal from full participation in life which the adoption of art as a way of life represents, it was the very painfulness of thinking about the self at all,

the impossibility of facing one's illusions, that led one to couch them in fictional (that is to say disguised) form. For it is from oneself that one disguises the deeper emotions, as well as from other people. Only when this armor is achieved can one think objectively about one's work in the kind of way Fitzgerald did; is one able to see through the illusions that have hampered, not only the work, as Fitzgerald's early work was hampered, but the mind that conceived and wrote them.

It is a truism to say that the way to start thinking constructively about oneself is to avoid the subject. As in listening to music, a too rigid attention is fatal. A simple example of this would be the kind of occasion when one tries to remember a name and can't. Yet, when one relaxes and makes no special mental effort, the name comes swimming into consciousness. Similarly, what the writer is looking for is a new standard of judgment about his work; a new attitude. He is looking for change. He doesn't even know what the change ought to be.

He should forget it. Or rather, he should first remember that what he is looking for is a new standard and a new attitude, and *then* forget it. I don't think he can try to find it. I think it must come to him. I think he must let it — whatever it may be — suggest itself to him at odd moments, shocking him, surprising him. I have heard writers in this pickle say that it helps to read the work of other writers whom they most admire.

He might take walks, if he likes to



take walks. He might, if he is free to, do things he liked to do when he was a child — paint, perhaps; garden, play the piano, or whatever. He might do these remembering all the time that they are only a means of quieting the mind in order to admit the entrance into it of the unknown thing he lacks — the essential thing that must come from within. In short the writer might relax; at the same time that he is watchful like a wise virgin at midnight.

If he desires at the same time to make motions like a writer, he might engage himself in listening to other people talking, instead of talking so much himself. He might listen for their locutions and their accent, their enunciations and their mannerisms. He might listen to the rhythms of silence and the rhythms of locomotion. When he has learned them, they may later come in handy, the way the things he used to listen to as a child have come in handy. He might brood over what he sees and hears, too. He might wonder why people act the way they do. He might write down his dreams in the morning and then brood about why he should have dreamt them in the first place.

It is wise for him to listen. For he is here — in the soup — to learn. People are only too eager to find someone who will listen to the stories of their sad, dramatic, or strange lives. He might listen to them. He might pay attention to why a woman of fifty, able and self-reliant, should weep with bitter self-recrimination when her mother of eighty dies. Or why a man who has finally, after a battle, won a divorce from a wife he loathes and married a nice and charming young girl, should go to pieces when the news reaches him that wife No. 1 has shot herself. Or why a woman whose main interest in life, so she claims, is humanity, should never hear anything her husband says unless he repeats it; so that he has formed a habit of saying everything twice over automatically.

The writer might take notes, if he likes to take notes, on this sort of tiny observation. He might keep a journal, perhaps, in which to examine his artistic conscience—unfashionable as such journals are today. He should not, above all, keep reminding himself that he is unable to write. Rather, he might make himself a promise that he *won't* write; not until something has happened to make him feel differently about his work, until he can see life and work in a new way.

However, Nature's edges never come together into a neat joint. They always overlap. There may come a time when

(*Continued on page* 53)

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A Library Goes to Market

By JAMES F. FIXX

THE SCENE: A large, sunlit room in the Brooklyn Public Library, overlooking the faint spring green of Prospect Park.

The time: Mid-morning, a few days ago.

The cast: Some seventy librarians from Brooklyn's fifty-odd branch libraries, gathered for their weekly book selection meeting.

Before each of the librarians is a mimeographed list of nearly 200 books. As Margaret B. Freeman, assistant chief librarian, reads off each of the titles, one of the branch librarians rises and gives a brief evaluation of the book while the others take notes or listen attentively. Upon these oral reports, along with published reviews and the idiosyncracies of local demand, will depend whether a branch library buys or does not buy a given book, and, ultimately, whether a library user can or cannot read that book.

Miss Freeman announces the title of a new book about Mao Tse-tung. One of the branch librarians rises to his feet and identifies himself as Samuel Simon of the library's Eastern Parkway branch.

Mr. Simon begins: "Mao is a very shadowy figure. 'Books in Print' lists only three works on him, and we should therefore welcome any fresh information about this powerful Communist leader. This book however is a journalistic, uneven, undocumented account. It's very feeble, and inaccurate in many spots. Much of it is trivial. We learn, for example, that Mao's wife likes sour prunes and that he himself is constipated."

When the laughter subsides, Mr. Simon goes on: "The book is so misleading and inaccurate that no responsible scholar or student would want to include it in a bibliography."

Thus, in one of the nation's top library systems, a book on Mao Tse-tung gets an unequivocal and carefully reasoned thumbs down. An observer could, conceivably, quarrel with the decision, but there is no quarreling with the earnestness behind it.

Although the surface act of selecting or rejecting a book is simple enough in itself, this scene points to one of the most delicately complex aspects of the public library—what it puts on its shelves and how it makes its decisions. For no library, whether a vast system like Brooklyn's or a one-room building at a rural crossroads, can blink away the necessity or the responsibility of choice. And to make a choice is to expose something of the philosophy behind the choice.

What is the philosophy of a library? Why does it buy certain books and not others? What does it do when its philosophy conflicts with the views of the citizens who use it?

No one has given more searching thought to these questions than librarians themselves. Their professional journals bristle with statements ranging from humbly practical outlines of principle to impassioned manifestos that suggest the authors had just come from a reading of Milton's "Areopagitica." Yet they all have one thing in common—a concern that book-buying policies be appropriate to their public, as wise as human wit can make them, and defensible if the star-spangled book-banners decide to pay a visit. What the librarians' statements emphatically do not have in common, on the other hand, is the answers they give.

FOR some libraries, book selection is astonishing in its homely simplicity. A Louisiana librarian, discussing the problem of library censorship not long ago, declared, "We do not censor books, except those advocating integration or Communism." And in many libraries, especially smaller ones in isolated regions, purchases are based almost entirely on book reviews and best-seller lists. "It's startling," says one close observer of U.S. libraries, "how many librarians never bother to read a book."

In most libraries, however, the business of stocking the shelves is carried out in the understanding that their collections are among the main avenues to education beyond the school years, and that the library itself is a kind of community cultural center. The so-called Library Bill of Rights, adopted nearly fifteen years ago by the American Library Association and widely adhered to today, declares:

> As a responsibility of library service, books and other reading matter selected should be chosen for values of interest, information, and enlightenment of all the people of the community. . . . There should be the fullest practicable provision of material presenting all points of view concerning the problems and issues of our times . . . and books or other reading matter of sound factual authority should not be proscribed or removed from library shelves because of partisan or doctrinal disapproval.

Or, as Jesse Shera, dean of the School of Library Science at Western Reserve University, put it somewhat more briefly in the *Wilson Library Bulletin*, "We must preserve the constitutional right of every ass to bray."

Librarians generally accept the principle that they have an obligation to offer books representing conflicting sides of controversial issues, and it is because they so often follow this principle that they frequently run afoul of censorship groups both formal and informal. Yet it is to their credit that, when they do, they can stick magnificently and defiantly to their guns. In New York a few weeks ago, the chairman of the Americanism committee of an American Legion post in Queens attacked the Queens Borough Public Library for its possession of "Tropic of Cancer." "It's amazing such a book was approved for distribution in the library," declared the outraged Legionnaire, who went on to say that reading only a few pages was "enough to find material to make it unworthy of circulation by the library. . . . How could this work be in keeping with the library's educational functions?"

In his reply, librarian Harold W. Tucker said he fully recognized the controversial nature of "Tropic of Cancer." "Precisely because of this wide range of opinion," he went on, "the book should be available in the public library. Our free society is based on the right of each individual to form his own opinion. . . . The foundation for making up their own minds is free access to information, and the public libraries of our country are a primary source. . . . There are many people in this community who would object strongly to removal of this book, just as you would protest pressures for removal of a book in which you see merit." Presumably the American Legion avoided corruption by taking its business someplace less iniquitous than the public library.

And in San Bernadino, California, two residents recently complained about the presence in the library of books by Langston Hughes. They cited no objections to the books themselves, basing their attack instead on what they described as the author's political beliefs. Rejoined the librarian: "We would not think it good library policy to remove books . . . which have been recommended by authorities and approved

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by experienced librarians . . . because someone questioned beliefs of the author, which, however, were not shown in the books. Freedom to read is one of the privileges we have as American citizens, and we would not want to do anything to endanger it."

On the other hand, librarians themselves are quick to admit that they and their brethren occasionally err through sheer timidity — not because someone objects to a book but because they fear someone *might* object to it if they put it on the shelves. As Lester Asheim, dean of the Graduate Library School at the University of Chicago, told a group of librarians earlier this year, "If, as I do, you think that blame should attach to the suppression of ideas, then much of the blame belongs on our own doorsteps."

Solid documentation for this view is provided in "Book Selection and Censorship," by Marjorie Fiske, published in 1959 on the basis of a study of school and public libraries in California. This report, which has since established itself as something of a classic in its field, reveals that "nearly two-thirds of all librarians who have a say in book selection reported instances where the controversiality of a book or author resulted in a decision not to buy." And one-fifth of the librarians, according to the author, make it a practice to avoid buying controversial books or any material "which they believe *might become* controversial."

MORE recently, however, *Library Journal* surveyed 113 libraries throughout the United States in an effort to determine how they reconcile the double-pronged problem that arises when demand for a book is high and controversy about it intense. Do they buy it because many readers want it, or do they ignore it because other readers will object to it? *Library Journal* sent with its questionnaire a list of twenty books, among them such titles as "Lolita," "Lady Chatterley's Lover," "Tropic of Cancer," "The Chapman Report," and "Return to Peyton Place," asking how many of each title had been bought. Reported *Library Journal:* "The results, in our view, if disappointing in some specific instances, are encouraging as a whole. . . . Eight of the twenty titles were bought by more than half the responding libraries, and what is more significant is that all the eight writers whose works are at the top of the list are authors of some stature — a clear indication that literary standards in many libraries outweigh the problem of pressures and controversy."

"Return to Peyton Place," for example, was rejected by one librarian with the wry explanation that "Peyton Place" didn't seem worth returning to, and "The Chapman Report" was turned down by fifteen libraries because of poor reviews and by another fifteen because they considered its literary quality inadequate. "Lolita," "Lady Chatterley's Lover," and "Tropic of Cancer" had considerably easier times finding hospitable dwelling places.

Although all libraries, from the very best to the very worst, have their share of failings and misjudgments, each of them tries, sometimes clumsily, sometimes with a skill approximating art, to provide its public with a reliable and useful collection of books. In this task they are ordinarily guided by formal statements of policy that have been thoughtfully worked out to explain to themselves, to their readers, and to potential book-banners why they choose the books they do. One typical statement begins this way:

> We believe that the right to knowledge is inherent in our American way of life. . . . We believe that to fulfil its proper function the library must, within the limits of its budget, present the widest diversity of subjects and opinions. Currently unorthodox or unpopular points of view have their place in the library. . . . Sensationalism for its own sake may result in the rejection of a book, but should the author be presenting an honest picture of his subject, the library should consider the purchase of the book objectively. In all of its purchasing the library should make an effort to maintain a high standard of literary excellence.

If libraries occasionally fall short of their professed goals, who doesn't? In a society which, at its best, is a multifaceted tangle of diverse opinion, few institutions are as constantly confronted with pitfalls as the public library, and few institutions acquit themselves as well. National Library Week is as good a time as any to offer them a grateful salute.

"Wilkins, it should give you some pleasure to know it's costing us $250,000 to replace you with a computer."

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From a Black Abyss, a Man and Artist

By GRANVILLE HICKS

WHEN Eugene O'Neill died in 1953, his reputation was low. During the Twenties it had soared, reaching its high point with the production of "Mourning Becomes Electra" in 1931. But the next year came "Ah, Wilderness!," which was a popular but not a critical success, and after that there was "Days Without End," which pleased almost no one. Twelve years went by before the production of "The Iceman Cometh," the last of his plays to be staged in his lifetime, and it made less of an impression on most people than, it now seems, it should have. Although the comments that appeared on the occasion of his death were kind and sometimes effusive, the public could not be blamed if it got the impression that O'Neill had been quite a man in his time but, alas, his time was no more.

"Long Day's Journey Into Night," produced in New York in 1956, wrought one of the most rapid changes that has ever taken place in the notably unstable air of critical opinion. The man who had written that play, it was immediately clear to many people, had to be reconsidered. "A Moon for the Misbegotten," the next year, contributed to the demand for revaluation. O'Neill was suddenly back on the literary scene, an even more imposing figure than he had been thirty years before, and the essays and books came tumbling off the presses.

Arthur and Barbara Gelb's **"O'Neill"** (Harper, $12.50) is and, one can't help hoping, will remain the most massive treatment of the subject. There are 943 pages of text, as compared with 814 pages in Mark Schorer's "Sinclair Lewis," and the pages are not small. Schorer spent nine years at his task, whereas the Gelbs spent five, but after all there are two of them. I have not counted the acknowledgments, but I surmise that the Gelbs' list is as long as Schorer's. The Gelbs do not write so well as Schorer, and their critical judgments are less assured, but as researchers they are his equals.

With the "O'Neill" as with the "Lewis," one can reasonably ask whether so much detail is necessary. We are, for example, told about the problems that beset the production of each of the plays, and we are given extracts from many reviews even though the opinions quoted often seem to deserve little consideration. There are also too many gossipy little anecdotes, and about some of these I am more skeptical than the Gelbs appear to be. I wish they had relegated to an appendix, a kind of apocrypha, some of the tales for which there is no supporting evidence.

But, whatever its shortcomings, it is an exciting book, and partly because of the richness of the background. Recluse that he was in certain periods and especially at the end of his life, O'Neill managed to know a lot of people, many of them of a type not commonly found in literary annals. The theatre is here, of course, and the theatre in the midst of a revolution, for which O'Neill was largely responsible. Although this is by no means the kind of biography in which one is treated to large doses of social history, it gives the reader a remarkable sense of five decades of American life.

What is most exciting, however, is naturally the character of Eugene O'Neill. The Gelbs properly devote many pages to his early years and particularly to his appallingly complicated relations with his father, mother, and brother. He told much of the story himself in "Long Day's Journey," and Doris Alexander's "The Tempering of Eugene O'Neill," published last winter, added to our knowledge; but the Gelbs have gone deeper than Miss Alexander and have probably brought us as close to the truth as we are likely to come.

THEY also have shown how persistently the family situation obtruded itself into O'Neill's work, not only into the undisguisedly autobiographical "Long Day's Journey" but also into such plays as "All God's Chillun Got Wings," "Desire Under the Elms," "The Great God Brown," and "Mourning Becomes Electra." Mark Schorer wrote of Sinclair Lewis: "He was, of course, the kind of artist who is temperamentally unable to objectify his anxieties or even draw upon them except in the most superficial way in his own art." O'Neill, on the contrary, drew upon almost nothing but his anxieties, his resentments, his remorse. The problems in his plays were always the problems that were most urgent for him, and that is one reason why his work seems so much more alive today than Lewis's.

As for O'Neill and the theatre, the Gelbs demonstrate his enormous historical importance. The critics may argue about particular innovations, but no one can deny that he brought about a revolution. The inanity of most dramatists and the timidity of most producers before 1918 can hardly be believed. O'Neill was savagely determined to write about the themes that really concerned him in ways that he believed to be effective, and each of his plays was a battle in a long and ultimately triumphant campaign.

Although O'Neill's reputation is much higher than it was a decade ago, there is still plenty of dissent. His denigrators always point out that, whatever his virtues, he lacked greatness of language, and most of his admirers concede the point. Even O'Neill himself, according to the Gelbs, knew that he was not the poet he wanted and needed to be. As a result, it is a disappointment to read his plays; but to see them is, in spite of this failing, an extraordinary experience. Not many dramatists in all of literary history have been able to lay so strong a spell upon their audiences.

He was in many ways anything but an admirable man, and the Gelbs, quite rightly, have painted every wart. We see the debauchery of the early years, his callousness towards his children, his arbitrariness and vanity. His destructive impulses, turned primarily against himself, were sometimes turned against others, and he wrought more than his share of evil. Yet in his devotion to his art he was an heroic figure, and it was this devotion that saved him, as it has saved many another artist. In his terrible last years—terrible because of incapacitating disease and because of a series of tragic blows that went beyond anything in his plays—he displayed a splendid dignity. One finishes the book with a feeling that O'Neill, despite all the misery that he went through, fared better than Sinclair Lewis. As I said in my review (*SR*, Sept. 30, 1961), Schorer's book leaves us with the realization that Lewis was never able to look steadily into the black abyss of his inner life. O'Neill lived in his abyss and made it his home. That was his triumph, as a dramatist and as a man.

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THE AUTHORS: "We've aged fifteen years in the five it took to do the book. It meant going without sleep for nights on end. Our social life ground to a halt. Every flat surface in the apartment, closets, and corners were stacked with O'Neilliana; our small fry, Pete and Mike, absorbed Eugene O'Neill along with their Pablum. On our few brief vacations O'Neill came along in cardboard cartons together with the bathing suits and beach chairs."

By their own admission Eugene O'Neill "haunted" Barbara and Arthur Gelb; she a former student of stage design who "gave up acting at eighteen," he a member of the New York *Times* drama staff who discovered O'Neill from the vantage point of a 55¢ seat at a performance of "The Iceman Cometh." What started out to be a more or less conventional biography, which they expected to turn out within a decent interval and with normal book birth pangs, turned their lives inside out and upside down. The gestation period was abnormally long, the post partum fatigue deep.

"One clue, one interview led to another. The final tally: over 400 meetings with people from Dag Hammarskjöld on through to Bowery bums and hospital superintendents. It took weeks to find O'Neill's ninety-year-old cousin in a home for the aged. The day we came she actually believed she was seventeen and that we were friends of the family. 'How's Ella? [O'Neill's mother] she chirped. 'She's very stuck-up, you know. . . . But that sweet boy Eugene. He may be a difficult child now. What he needs is to be protected. He'll turn out all right.' In her involuntary reliving of the past the demented spinster told us things about the O'Neills no one had heard before."

So did an O'Neill waterfront crony, sailor-steelworker "Slim" Martin, whom Barbara tracked down in the closed ward of a Veterans' Hospital. He had taught O'Neill how to escape from leg chains (during the writing of "The Emperor Jones"), had taken him to IWW meetings (as background for "The Hairy Ape"). "Slim gave us one whole chapter after we got him moved out of the closed ward. He was allowed to have his glasses and use our tape recorder. Some days he would spend six hours at a clip reminiscing into the machine about O'Neill. Those tapes were pure gold."

"Right now, if we had it to do over again, we doubt that we would," they admit. Although the Gelbs have not burned themselves out in the process of producing what Arthur Miller calls "a towering rebuke to his [O'Neill's] life and agony" they *are* exhausted by it. The exhilaration that launched the work wore off with the years of "draining" research. "We reached a point about halfway through when we were ready to quit. The monumental egotism of theatre people in our time had produced a spate of autobiographies each of which we had to comb and sift to glean small morsels. The many-dimensional quality of O'Neill's life required us to work like detectives." Arthur Gelb's years as police reporter came in handy, but he refused to cover the "health beat"—the hospitals, sanitariums, and mental institutions. "Women are stronger about things like this than men," said Mrs. Gelb, who found a rich vein of material among the sick, senile, and psychotic.

The decision whether to "go whole hog or stop" was not simply a matter of physical and financial stamina, but also one of how to handle the mass of data they'd collected. There were also the times when O'Neill had to be shunted to one side to make way for bread-and-butter writing.

But the young Gelbs were nourished by the knowledge of the O'Neill strength, which sustained him from 1934 to 1953 as he labored on his eleven-play cycle while suffering every outrage known to mind and body. Too, the encouragement from Carlotta Monterey, O'Neill's widow, gave the two biographers something of an edge over the woods full of others who were hot on the trail. In session after session Carlotta Monterey took the team behind the scenes, sharing privately printed letters and other documents she had been holding under total security.

—*Harold Stone, Jr.*

Barbara and Arthur Gelb in their New York apartment.

The Gelbs talk in tandem: he will launch an anecdote, she will pick it up and either take it all the way, or pause at the precise moment when he appears eager to embellish or orchestrate. And vice versa. Occasionally their enthusiasm brings them together in a kind of talking counterpoint.

What did the book do to their marriage? "We fought our way through the whole thing—were completely tactless with each other. It was our totally similar points of view that kept the work from falling apart. If anything, the work solidified our marriage." When they had "boiled down" the manuscript to 1,000 pages, the tension mounted. They had dug so deep to mine their ore that the elimination of even a scrap was like burning money. "We missed our deadline six times and were editing on page proofs—it was that close."

The Gelbs, still in their early thirties, have set such a tall standard for themselves—in choice of subject matter and style of handling—that one wonders (and is certain they do too) what lies ahead. After Everest what remains? —MARY KERSEY HARVEY.

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Martin Buber on Good and Evil

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is pleased to devote its editorial page this week to an interview with the distinguished Jewish theologian, philosopher, and author Martin Buber, now eighty-four years old. The interview was conducted recently on BBC television by the Reverend Vernon Sproxton, a producer in BBC's religious broadcasting department, and was published in the BBC magazine The Listener. It appears here through special arrangement with the editors of that publication.*

QUESTION: So much of our life is taken up with the world of things. Does this not call in question your statement in "I and Thou" that real life is meeting?

ANSWER: A great part of what is generally called real life is only fictitious; it is not real life, or let us say it is not true life. If a man has relationship only to himself, and others are just objects for controlling, using, even for serving, then his life is not full.

QUESTION: What, then, are the factors in our modern world which prevent this true life, and weaken our responsibility?

ANSWER: I think everything can prevent it, but the most simple example is being a member of a group —any group. If you are able and willing to fight for the truth, you meant, when becoming a member of a group, to fight for it in the group.

QUESTION: Do you believe, then, that, as Kierkegaard said, the crowd is the lie?

ANSWER: It is a part of the truth, but I don't like parts of the truth. A crowd is not a fact of dire necessity. You can enter a crowd, you can come in touch with this and this man in the crowd, and in the measure you succeed in doing it, the crowd becomes less and less a crowd. You must not be governed by the crowd. You must, to use an un-English word, "unmass" it as far as you can.

QUESTION: It is important, then, that in all groups there should be men contending for the truth; and they have something in common?

ANSWER: I think that this is the most important thing in this present hour of ours—that in different groups, different parties, different countries, there are men contending for the truth in their group. They have nothing to do with one another, apparently, but there is something that unites them; there is a secret front—they don't know about it, but it exists: a front through the whole planet.

QUESTION: Let us think of religious groups for a moment. Looking at your own people, and from what you know of the Christian Church, have they the marks of a religious people, do you think?

ANSWER: I don't really know what "religious people" means. I must confess that I don't like religion much, and I am very glad that in the Bible the word is not to be found. I even think that nothing in the world is as apt to mask the face of God as religion is, if it means religion instead of God. What the Bible says is not religious, but holy. To be holy means simply to let everything in social, economic, political life—not only private life—all life, be subjected to the kingship, the kingly rule of God. And I think it essential that a man should not only have the truth in his private life but as a member of his party too. And it seems rather more difficult.

QUESTION: You have said in your book "Images of Good and Evil" that evil is the result of indecision. What do you mean by that?

ANSWER: By decision I mean decision of the whole being—a man cannot decide with his whole being to do evil: it is impossible, because there are other forces intermingling, and therefore I am inclined to think that you cannot do evil with your whole soul, and you can do good only with your whole soul.

QUESTION: Does that mean that a sinful action is anything that a man cannot do with his whole being?

ANSWER: First of all, good and evil are not different, as are right and left: each is a different quality. Good is direction, and evil is a will. You can take a direction only with your whole being—you go in this direction, not the other one. I had a friend who was a remarkable German poet. In the days of Hitler this man, without knowing what he did, accepted certain honorary missions, and, after having done this, he began to realize what he had done, and the consequence was that he died a few years after it. It was a real consequence. The last time before his death, when I was accompanying him to his car, he laid his hand on my arm and asked: "Tell me, is it really so that one cannot do the evil with his whole soul, and that he can do good only with his whole soul?" I looked into his eyes and said to him: "Yes, it is really so." And on that we parted.

QUESTION: Professor Buber, there is one last question: you are an old man now, and look back over a full life. May I ask you, what are your personal hopes when you think about what lies at the other side of death?

ANSWER: I think death is the end of everything that we are able to imagine. Therefore, this means that we cannot, and we should not, imagine life after death merely as a going on in time. Time is just something that we know in this life here, just as we know space; and just as space, so time is being omitted from eternity. I don't even imagine a going on in time, but I am certain of entering eternity. And though I cannot imagine it, I know I shall enter it, and this means that one can be more certain of God's existence than of his own existence.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ACADEMIC ARGUMENT

JOHN CIARDI'S "To the Damnation of Deans" [*SR*, Mar. 24] is the most perceptive and succinct of the myriad appraisals of higher education available today.

ALAN GARFINKEL,
University of Illinois.
Champaign, Ill.

IT'S GUYS LIKE CIARDI, who have the guts to write candidly about the faculty-administrative dilemma, that make it possible for guys in my position to acquire the guts to effect change.

DON AUSTIN,
Assistant Professor,
Department of English,
University of Redlands.
Redlands, Calif.

HAM AND EGGHEADS

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH'S "Challenge to an Unknown Writer" [*SR*, Mar. 10] really pertains to all the arts, not only to writing. The creative person is not alone to blame for the huge and meaningless blobs that hang in our exhibits, the clinks, rattles, and whining noises that come through the hi-fi set, nor the senseless but titilating phrases which may be a suggestion of writing. It is just possible that publishers, record makers, museum directors, and magazine editors may be an unidentified part of the picture.

When the responsible persons of our society demand a better class of art, they'll get it—and not until. So long as art is a precious little morsel served up to the fence-sitting vultures, it will remain the unsavory dish it is.

It's time for a change of menu.

CHARLES B. RODGERS.
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

CULTURAL CULPRIT

WITHOUT INGRATITUDE to Nicholas Samstag for his entertaining and enthusiastic review of my book "The Hidden Remnant" [*SR*, Mar. 10], may I disagree when he says that "it never really names an enemy nor indicates that there is a battle-plan behind the blare of the bugles." Actually, the enemy is named in the first line of the table of contents, which reads: "The Certainty of Miseducation."

It is miseducation that I seek to expose in its innumerable disguises. It is miseducation that I attack throughout in the name of a truly enlightened Remnant. And by a Remnant I do *not* mean an elite, as I thought a whole chapter (called "The Remnant Is Not an Elite") and the tone of my entire book had made clear. Perhaps one inevitably seems a snob when one dares to reinstate real, many-sided excellence as the only tenable standard of human behavior.

I regard it, however, as the first step toward humility.

GERALD SYKES.
East Hampton, N.Y.

"How long have you had this obsession to be the prow of a schooner?"

IT WOULD BE a pity indeed if, in his review of "The Hidden Remnant," Mr. Samstag's personal and too clever remarks about the author, Gerald Sykes, were to lead readers to overlook a highly significant book. The "remnant," far from being a haven for the snobbish and the elite, has been a rallying symbol ever since the days of Isaiah for those who chose to stand on the side of the human spirit against the juggernauts of tremendous external pressure, whether of the chariots of Egypt and Ninevah or modern mechanized collectivism. I want to register my judgment that Mr. Sykes's book wrestles with possibly the most critical issue of our time—the preservation of individual human consciousness, which is the basis for freedom of the mind and creativity, in a day when this is threatened as probably never before.

ROLLO MAY.
New York, N.Y.

OUR MAN ON BROADWAY

I DO NOT KNOW the qualifications or background for drama criticism of your Henry Hewes, but, having just been exposed to his column in the March 10 issue, I must express an opinion concerning what appears to this theatregoer as a most extraordinary travesty of the facts and a remarkably myopic reaction to both "A Gift of Time" and "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl."

Mr. Hewes speaks disparagingly of "Gift" and glowingly of "Moon." Yet, as I experienced both plays—and this was evidently concurred in by respective audience reaction—"Moon" turned out to be dull, plodding, badly directed and written, with even worse acting performances, while "Gift" with Henry Fonda excited the audience to "bravos" and six curtains the night I was there.

The reactions by your critic do not stand up as qualified, intelligent dissent or approval, but appear rather as the efforts of someone lacking in even a modicum of sensitivity or understanding where true theatre is concerned. Perhaps—generously—they could be termed "flights of fancy," having nothing to do with what went on on stage. . . .

As an addendum, your man notes in "Gift" that "the nicest moment" is one in which a friend says goodbye to Charles with "and . . . ," to which Charles replies after a pause with "Yeah." This is, however, one of the few moments in a finely acted drama that do *not* come off. . . .

JOSEPH HARROW.
New York, N.Y.

LITERARY CHESSMANSHIP

WOULD GRANVILLE HICKS like to explain what he considers as a *New Yorker* "formula" story [*SR*, Mar. 17]? It might add zest to my reading of that magazine—and I read it with a good deal of zest now—to keep a mental scoreboard as to which stories contribute to the formula and which surpass it. But if I'm going to be playing that kind of chess with Mr. Hicks, I'd like to start with a clearer notion of the chessboard.

I was disappointed to have his review of John Updike's "Pigeon Feathers" touch so lightly upon the title story, which seems to me to be one of the finest short stories I've ever read. (Evidently Mr. Updike likes it too, since he gave it the post of honor in the new volume.)

ELVA MCALLASTER,
Professor of English,
Greenville College.
Greenville, Ill.

OUT OF LINE

THE MARCH 10 issue carried a fine poem by Jeannette Nichols, from which the last line was inadvertently dropped. We offer our apologies to Miss Nichols. The poem as it should have been printed appears on page 53.

JOHN CIARDI,
Poetry Editor,
Saturday Review.
New York, N.Y.

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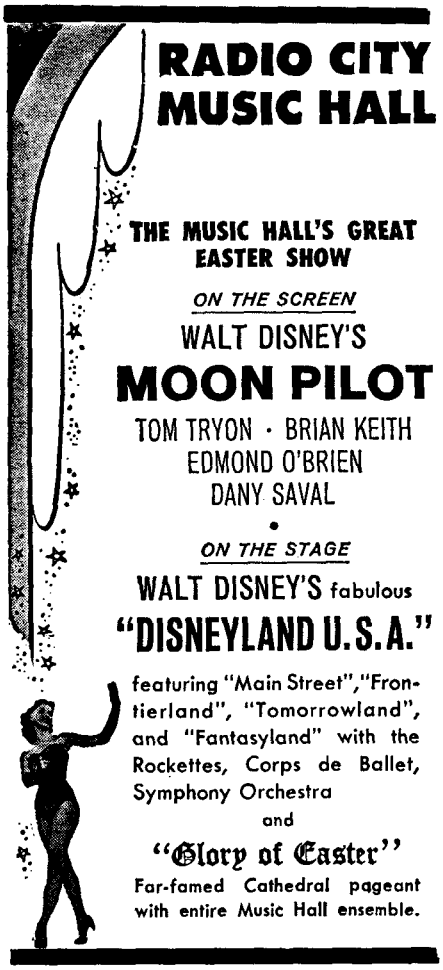

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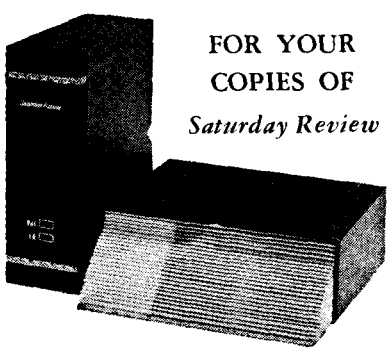

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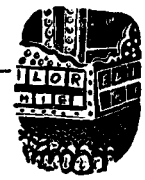

Kicking a Habit

A FEW weeks ago in, of all unlikely places, a small theatre in the suburbs of Phoenix, Arizona, the controversial film version of Jack Gelber's "**The Connection**" had its American premiere. Perhaps insufficient time has elapsed to assess accurately the moral decline in this relatively well-to-do and respectable community, but the picture had a very successful run, and played without incident. Pending an appeal from a New York court decision, which found the film's language objectionable, "The Connection" will probably now begin to open slowly around the country, in cities and states free of censor boards and repressive courts. And I say more power to it.

I say this not merely because I found it fascinating as an exhibit of bravura film making, which it is; but more especially because its director and co-producer, Shirley Clarke, has dared to venture into territory specifically forbidden to motion pictures. For a number of fairly obvious reasons, the commercial movie works in a horrifyingly constricted area, bounded on one side by the regulations of the Production Code, and on the other by strictures of "good taste" that are supposed to cover all other contingencies.

Unfortunately, there are some areas of life where "good taste" simply does not exist—particularly if that "good taste" is the taste of another, earlier era. Our playwrights and novelists have long since discovered that these polite shackles had to be abandoned if they were to write meaningfully of a world they never made. Whether "angry" or "beat," they drew their strength from their willingness (and wish) to fly in the face of convention. Movies, on the other hand, if only because they are so terribly expensive, find it safer to observe, and conserve, the conventions, to be no more daring than can profitably be exploited.

"The Connection" ignores all this. Gelber, writing his own screenplay, has made no attempt either to sweeten or sanitize his original play (although, mercifully, he *has* shortened it). Leach's pad, as designed by Richard Sylbert, is every bit as scabrous and claustrophobic as it was on the stage—perhaps even more so, since the camera permits us to see the cockroaches, and forces us to look at the peeling paint and cracking plaster. Most important of all, Shirley Clarke, directing her first feature film, has approached her material honestly and seriously. "The Connection" does not compromise or sensationalize. It makes no effort to be popular (as the Los Angeles version did) by spicing up the proceedings with four-letter words. The words are there when they have to be there, when the characters would use them naturally. Similarly, there is considerable humor in the film—the hard-bitten humor of confirmed junkies. But it is a humor without jokes, a corroded wit that chills as much as it amuses. Few pictures have made so little effort to meet their audience more than halfway.

On the other hand, Mrs. Clarke has done an extraordinary job of cinematizing the original material. Holding to the single setting of the play, her picture becomes a documentary-like investigation of the flat and its inhabitants. (Not for nothing does one of them carry about a copy of Kracauer's "Theory of Film"!) As in Antonioni's films, the camera insists that we *look*, darting across the room for a close-up, moving from fingers on a keyboard to the rapt, gone expression of a listener, revealing the throbbing veins of the forearm prepared for a "fix," the

agonies of a junkie beyond fixing. Through sheer virtuosity, the director transforms what is admittedly a distasteful subject into an absorbing experience.

Many will find "The Connection" disturbing, even shocking. I regard this as the mark of its director's integrity. A study of drug addiction that is anything less than disturbing must of necessity be something less than honest. What is to me most impressive about this picture—even beyond its technical skill—is its sense of truth, its willingness to look without flinching, and to reveal without preaching. With it, Shirley Clarke has taken a bold step into new and unfamiliar territory for American movies, the motion picture

(*Continued on page 54*)

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Forward Without Anger

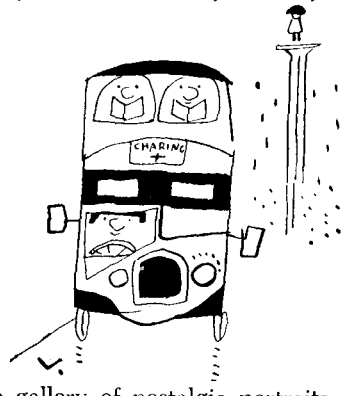
LONDON.

A MAJOR part of the excitement in this year's British theatre season seems to be coming from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company's London branch. Under the directorship of Peter Hall this group has cornered the actor market because it can offer performers annual employment in a repertory of classic and modern plays. And the attraction of good actors and West End attention has appealed both to directors and to the new wave of playwrights, many of whom have promised the company their next work. For the unknown playwright, the company has taken over the Arts Theatre and set up an experimental program which has just scored a success with its first offering, "Everything in the Garden." The play, which neatly describes the self-imposed corruption of some status-seeking suburbanites, was written by a forty-three-year-old Anglo-Irish TV writer, Giles Cooper.

Meanwhile, the company's other branches are flourishing, too. Its production of Jean Anouilh's "Becket" drew the prize both for the best production of the season and for the best performance, which went to Christopher Plummer for his portrayal of King Henry II. Its enthusiastic reception necessitated its being moved out of repertory into a regular theatre. Only the fact that Mr. Plummer was previously committed to playing "Macbeth" and "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Canadian Shakespeare Festival in Stratford will keep it from continuing beyond May 5.

Mr. Plummer's performance is indeed remarkable as he boldly fluctuates between outrageous low comedy and eloquent high despair. In the early scenes he plays the King as a loutish, good-hearted vulgarian. He and Becket, played in the cockeyed style of Alec Guiness by Eric Porter, romp about sharing private jokes and insulting the clergy. When Mr. Plummer looks at a pretty young Saxon girl and says, "Shall we wrap her up to take with us or have her sent?" it is out-and-out music-hall buffoonery, but this sort of behavior is a symptom of the King's compulsion to tolerate life by joking it away. Behind it, however, there is always the wretchedness that is later to erupt in ordering Becket's assassination and the agonized fit of a man now completely alone in a world where he loves no one. Mr. Plummer plays the scene magnificently, and the moment when he collapses in a spectacular fall over a table is as moving as it is breathtaking.

At its own theatre, the Aldwych, the company is continuing its repertory program, which at the moment includes last summer's "As You Like It," from Stratford, and Brecht's "The Caucasian Circle of Chalk." Just finishing is Michel St. Denis's production of "The Cherry Orchard," starring Dame Peggy Ashcroft and Sir John Gielgud. Because the production rehearsed eight weeks, it was able to achieve a high level of perfection and a number of marvelous moments. These include one scene in which the squeak of a man's new boots is used with precise timing to fill a silence; Dorothy Tutin as Varya summing up the joy she has missed in her life as "just a dream"; Peggy Ashcroft's hysterical laughter at herself as she embraces the furniture; John Gielgud's amusing apologies for talking too much and in the next breath talking some more; and a truly funny priggish love scene between Ian Holm as Trofimov and Judi Dench as Anya. And yet this



fine gallery of nostalgic portraits, plus a few by less talented members of the company which are not so fine, seem too calculated, too reflective to move us. All the same, we admire and are richly entertained by a great deal of the performance.

There are some in London who feel that the Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company is a middle-of-the-road solution to the problems of the English theatre, friendly to both the staid and the new but lacking the force it might have if it asserted the future against the past. And while there is probably some truth in this, the fact remains that this is the problem everywhere. The most hopeful thing about Mr. Hall's organization is that his company is facing the problem practically and without self-delusion. —HENRY HEWES.

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Four Out Of Five Americans Support The United Nations

Where do the American people really stand on the United Nations? The figures speak for themselves. Three separate polls come up with almost identical answers. At least four out of five Americans believe the United States must support and strengthen the United Nations. They don't want to bypass it, downgrade it, replace it, or berate it.

At a time when questions are being raised about the United Nations, it is important to register the fact that the American people have not lost faith in it, and still see it as the world's best hope for peace.

FIRST, Congressman William B. Widnall (Republican) of New Jersey, took a poll of the people in his District.

One of his questions:

Do you regard the United Nations as the best hope for maintaining world peace?

This was the result:

YES **83.95%** NO **13.55%** NO OPINION **2.50%**

Another:

Do you believe that the United Nations has been effective in maintaining a better understanding between nations in the past?

This was the result:

YES **79.01%** NO **16.05%** NO OPINION **4.94%**

Another:

Do you believe that the purpose of world peace could be achieved through strengthening the U.N.?

This was the result:

YES **81.84%** NO **12.50%** NO OPINION **6.02%**

NEXT, Congressman James Roosevelt (Democrat) of California, sent a similar poll to the voters in his District.

One of the questions:

Do you think that the United Nations offers the best hope of keeping peace in the world?

This was the result:

YES **84.8%** NO **15.2%**

Another:

Do you think that further strengthening of the U.N. would be apt to advance the cause of world peace?

This was the result:

YES **87.6%** NO **15.2%**

★ ★ ★

OBVIOUSLY, two Congressional districts from the entire country are not enough of a sampling to warrant sweeping conclusions. But now consider the latest nationwide Gallup survey:

First question:

Do you think the United States should give up its membership in the United Nations or not?

The answer:

SHOULD NOT **90%** SHOULD **5%**
NO OPINION **5%**

Second question:

How important do you think it is that we try to make the United Nations a success—very important, fairly important, or not so important?

The answer:

VERY IMPORTANT **83%** FAIRLY IMPORTANT **9%**
NOT SO IMPORTANT **4%** NO OPINION **4%**

Third question:

In general, do you think the United Nations is doing a good job or a poor job in trying to solve the problems it has had to face?

The answer:

GOOD OR FAIR JOB **78%** POOR JOB **12%**
NO OPINION **10%**

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ellstein's "Golem"—Met Auditions—Recitals

THE magnitude of the problem posed by the legendary tale of "The Golem" makes it almost mandatory that a new operatic version be the product either of a very experienced or a relatively inexperienced composer. Unlike Eugène d'Albert, whose version of the Twenties was his eighteenth work for the serious stage, Abraham Ellstein had written only operettas prior to receiving a Ford Foundation grant for the score which opened the spring season of City Center opera.

The adaptation by Joseph Buloff of the famous tale by H. Leivick about the sixteenth-century rabbi in Prague who passed the miracle of breathing life into a clay figure of his own creation is reasonably succinct. But as expanded into a libretto by the composer and his wife Sylvia Regan it becomes a creature almost as much beyond control as the monster who left no option to the rabbi but to destroy it before it destroyed him.

Great earnestness and some melodic impulse are the basic materials of Ellstein's effort, but he lacks the specialized skills to build, theatrically, with them. Sections follow upon each other without much in the way of coherent development. For the most part, the voices pursue a line of quasi-melodic recitative (spelled now and then by an aria or arietta) above an orchestral scoring which is more undertone than commentary.

Much the best writing is that for the Maharal, Rabbi Levi Bar Bezallel, a part impressively created by Jon Crain, whose aptitudes included excellent enunciation of the English text. Ellstein was not so fortunate in finding an expressive speech for the Golem itself, though Chester Ludgin's physique and the artfully constructed costume dominated the stage. His music had neither the impact to make it terrifying nor the accent to make it pitiful (which, finally, the Golem comes to be anyhow).

The complications of the crowd scenes with many beggars, and the danced sequence (staged by Sophie Maslow) in which the rabbi has a vision of himself bringing the dead to life, put a severe strain on the company's staging resources. That there was, finally, order rather than chaos may be attributed in large measure to the relentless effort of conductor Julius Rudel in collaboration with director Allen Fletcher. Lester Polakev's scenery is decidedly drab—but what else could a ghetto in sixteenth-century Prague be? Lee Venora gave a glint of light to the dark proceedings with her charming performance as the rabbi's granddaughter Deborah.

Rudel had more rewarding material to work with later in the same week when Benjamin Britten's "The Turn of the Screw" was added to the company's repertory. Fortunately, this was not wholly a new enterprise, but one which he had rehearsed in Boston last summer. It presented an opportunity for Patricia Neway to add another to her gallery of operatic characterization, this time the Governess whose "hallucinations" animate the Jamesian plot. With such other resourceful and well-selected performers as Richard Cassilly (Quint), Janice Martin (Mrs. Grose), and Jean Kraft (Miss Jessel) at his disposal, Fletcher evolved a solution of the scenic problem both economical and effective. The credits could, with justice, also be extended to Michele Farr (Flora) and Bruce Zahariades (Miles), whose actions suited to the life the behavior of the beautiful, clever, devious, devil-ridden children of the novel.

As was noted here when the work had its North American premiere under the composer's direction at the Stratford Festival in 1957, Britten has been brilliantly successful in evoking the atmosphere of the old house in which the "Screw" plays, through the use of a chamber orchestra and minimal stage personnel. We are in the spell of Myfanwy Piper's text more as a sung play than a libretto struggling to be heard, which is all to the dramatic good. However, Britten's compositional impulse produces a first-act finale in which the "mute" apparitions become as vocal as any of the others, at a definite disadvantage to mood. And, as in the instance of such other major Britten works as "Peter Grimes" and "The Rape of Lucretia," the interest aroused at a first hearing tends to dissipate with repetition.

Almost as often as there is a Metropolitan Opera National Council Award (which is to say, annually), there is at least one talent whose lack of recognition puzzles as much as the preference extended to others. This year it belonged to Grace de la Cruz, of Los Angeles, California, who sang her "Ritorna vincitor" from "Aida" with admirable control of a particularly vibrant, pliable sound. Miss de la Cruz, who is twenty-five, bulky rather than sylphlike, and a Negress, should reckon with at least two facts: Sopranos of the category to which she aspires mature later than others; the Metropolitan has sometimes misjudged the capabilities of persons on its roster as well as those with an aspiration to it.

It would not be surprising to find Janice Martin, the Mrs. Grose of the "Turn of the Screw" noted above, a singer of utility to the Metropolitan, but the arrival at that decision through the Auditions' procedure is. She has appeared with the San Francisco Opera in two recent seasons, and is obviously in a totally different career category than Joanna Simon, who was among the thirteen finalists competing on, presumably, even terms. There were occasional allusions to the intents and objectives of these Regional Auditions in remarks by chairman Howard A. Hook, Jr., and Rudolf Bing, who made the award to Miss Martin, but not enough to clarify this issue.

Birgit Nilsson's first Carnegie Hall program, which began with Gluck ("Divinités du Styx") and ended with Verdi ("Pace, pace"), was otherwise non-operatic. In between, Miss Nilsson provided her audience with much pleasure, whether singing Schubert and Strauss sympathetically, if not with much profundity, donning a second gown for the post-intermission portion of the program, conversing in English, etc. Her Sibelius and Grieg were outstanding.

EARLIER on the same Sunday, William Olvis, a youthful tenor at the Metropolitan, shared a program in the Carnegie Hall Recital Hall with pianist Edward Schick. They collaborated well in Schumann's "Dichterliebe," which bore out the presumption that Olvis's flexible, well-placed voice should make him a highly listenable lieder singer. This performance was more for the voice than hall, which is to say that some parts of "Ich grolle nicht" (especially the climaxing A) were overproduced for the intimate surroundings. With suitable experience, Olvis's feeling for the idiom and, above all, his musicianship, could make him a concert artist of quality.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Our Man in the Ozone—7. Fan-Tan and Mr. Fu

FOR A mainland Chinese wishing to divest himself of all the advantages being offered to the people by the People's Republic of China, the way to freedom requires a night or more in the hold of a smelly junk as it slips past the Communist gunboats along the South China Coast to the Portuguese enclave of Macao.

The route for the Western traveler, who is also tolerated, and perhaps even welcomed, is not quite so chancy, but it has its moments of small adventure. The ferry from Hong Kong, forty miles away, slips past the red gunboats, too, though making no attempt at evasion. And the small airline that operates between Hong Kong and Macao must guarantee not to fly over Red Chinese junks even though it may fly over Chinese territorial waters. A Macao-Hong Kong transport was involved in a bizarre hijacking accident a few years ago when a plane crashed carrying a monumental load of bullion.

It was, therefore, with a feeling that I was playing George Sanders on "Flight to Adventure" (co-starring Warner Oland), that I rolled down to Kai Tak airport in Hong Kong on a recent Sunday morning bearing a ticket on Macau Airtransport Ltd. This airline flies the Piaggi, an Italian amphibious craft made by manufacturers of a motor scooter, a fact scarcely reassuring to me. Nonetheless, we were up over Hong Kong without incident and shortly were floating over the mud-brown water dotted with junks and scattered with islands, some British and some Chinese. In sixteen minutes we were scudding along the territorial waters of this ancient, disconnected piece of Portugal which has been here for 400 years. The Piaggi waddled like a ruptured duck up the platform where, in exchange for $3.67 U.S., a Portuguese guard issued a visa on the spot. The cost of leaving Hong Kong is five Hong Kong dollars or about one dollar U.S., levied by the Department of Civil Aviation as a Passenger Service Charge. The Portuguese, not to be outdone, have now also installed a passenger service charge, so that travelers who go to Macao for the day must pay $5.67 in governmental levies. The traveler who returns to Hong Kong pays another five Hong Kong dollars when he moves on to his next destination.

Ironically enough, the territory of Macao, a peninsula of about six square miles, was awarded to Portugal when in 1577 that seafaring nation sent its fleets to clean up the buccaneers who infested the South China Coast. Portugal has been there since, fending off attacks by the Dutch, the British, and by Chinese pirates. I must say if they continue to fire salvos of governmental levies at visitors, they will also successfully repulse the current invasion of tourists.

Quite a bit has already been done to remove that air of mystery and sin that had hung over Macao like an opium-scented cloud all these years. For one thing, the gambling franchise for the famed old Central Building, which was held for twenty-three years by Fu Tak Yam and his son Fu Yam Chiu and *his* son Fu Tam Yam, finally ran out. In its glorious days it offered four floors of gambling and some hotel rooms and restaurants. A new franchise is being negotiated by Mr. Stanley Ho, a Hong Kong Chinese who has been making trips back and forth to Lisbon. Mr. Ho would like to regenerate Macao's salad days, when it was a combination of Las Vegas, Phenix City, and prewar Bangkok. In the meantime Macao is gambling—government employees excepted—in a rickety gymnasium where tables of roulette, fan-tan, and, occasionally, baccarat are barely palpitating. At the hi-lo dice table a lady croupier performs the singsong, high-pitched nasal ritual that marks the opening of the betting. The fan-tan players watch as the cover is removed on a pile of white buttons. Then four at a time are peeled away. With scores of buttons still in the pile, the sharp-eyed bettors can tell whether there will be one, two, three, or no buttons left when all the multiples of four are removed.

—*H.S.*

Moslem from Mozambique—Portuguese guard in Macao wears fez and rifle.

The sin is gone from Macao and the only spice about it is the proximity of the Communist neighbors sitting on the far side of the West River with their patrol boats running up and back along this estuary that leads to the inner harbor where the ferry docks inbound from Hong Kong. Across the water, with its maze of junks, looms the big hill of China's Kwantung peninsula, but one need not go that far to see the representatives of the Mao government. The red flags fly along the Macao waterfront, too, indicating the warehouses of local Red Chinese. Only a block away, other buildings fly the blue and white sunburst of Nationalist China. Inside this strange enclave stands the first lighthouse of the China Coast, built in 1864, and next to it a chapel that dates from 1626. Only a year later the last battle was fought with the Dutch, who greatly prized Macao and tried many times to win it during the period of the Spanish domination of Portugal. Fort Monte, on an adjoining hill, was built by Jesuit fathers with the help of Dutch prisoners of war. The attacks ended but not the envious glances, for in 1655 the Dutch East India Company sent their embassy in China a note which recorded, "We sailed along the island of Lantao, thence passing by the most famous city of Maccoa, and though we came not near her, yet we shall relate what we have understood from others concerning the Magnificence of this Place."

Whatever magnificence Macao once enjoyed has been vastly dissipated. Yet there are those who see in it certain resemblances to Lisbon, for like that European capital it is built on seven hills of which the Monte is one. At its foot stands the façade of the Cathedral of St. Paul, all that is left of a once-resplendent church built by Japanese

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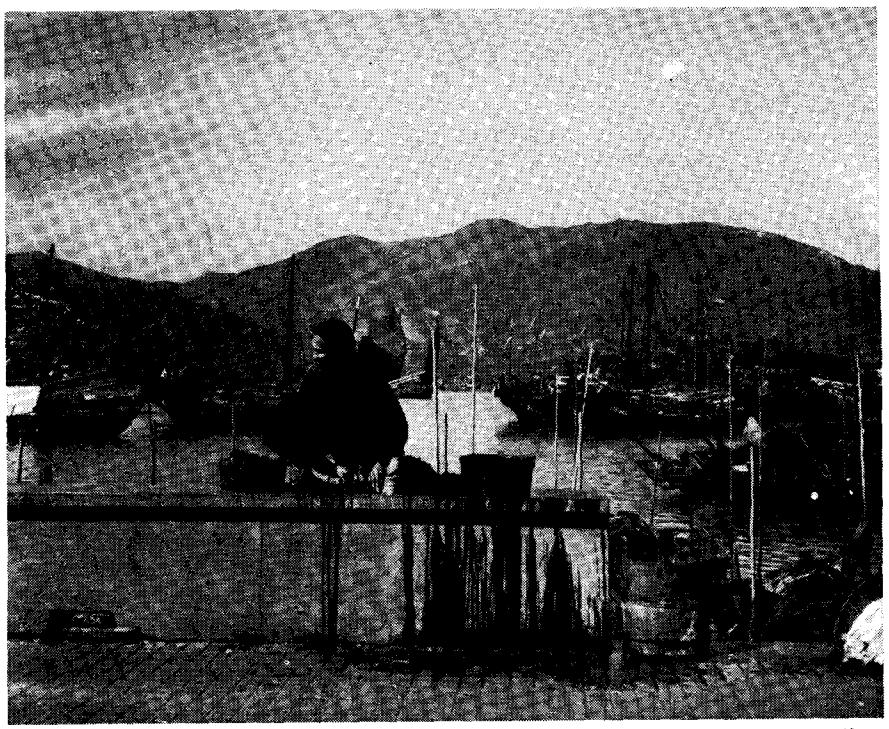
Christians in 1602 and destroyed by fire in 1835. Along the waterfront drive stand the civic statues as they might in Europe. One honors João Maria Ferreira do Amaral, who was beheaded by the Chinese one August day in 1849 for declaring Macao a free port and refusing to pay customs duty. His equestrian memorial on the Avenida Dr. Oliveira Salazar looks off to the Portuguese islands of Taipa and Colôane, now largely inhabited by Chinese farmers and workers in the fireworks factory, one of the prime industries of Macao. Along this boulevard each November roll the sports cars which come from Japan, Okinawa, Hong Kong, and Singapore to compete for the annual Prix Macao.

Superimposed on these European trappings are perhaps a quarter of a million Chinese—90 per cent of the population—who, under the stewardship of the far-off Iberian capital, maintain many of their ancient and curious Oriental ways. When a funeral is held—we saw one marching past a few hours after we arrived—the procession may wind its way through the narrow Mediterranean streets, the band in dusty blue uniforms blaring away, setting the beat for the bearers with empty sedan chairs and offerings of duck, followed by the rented artificial floral pieces, the hired mourners, and the family in white hoods looking like stragglers from a local chapter of the KKK.

We left the party at the Chinese temple where it had gone to worship, leaving the corpse in its casket on the sidewalk outside. Later, when we rode up to the border point where the neck of the Portuguesse isthmus meets the territory of China, we saw the casket again. The mourners had long since left it, the band had disbanded, and the wreaths had been returned to the shop. Only the bearers remained, trotting along with their curious half-running step, straining under the weight of the coffin which they carried suspended from a long pole. They were on their way to the interment inside Red China. At the border point the Negro guards from Mozambique let the party through, but the Chinese in their blue padded uniforms would open the casket before letting it pass to its final resting place in the home country.

While the local Portuguese authorities are eager to note that Portugal is, as they put it, "the only white nation in the world with interests in this far-off region that has never been at war with China," the new rulers of that vast nation seem hardly eager to return the favor. Visitors who make the journey to the border, down the isthmus bordered with the neat vegetable gardens of the refugees, are warned not to take their cameras out of the car, not to use field glasses, and not to venture within 300 yards of the line. The same rules do not hold for the Communist guards, who lift their glasses at the approach of all cars. Still, buses carrying license plates for Macao and Red China rumble back and forth through the gate, on their way to and from Canton sixty miles away, and Chinese laden with



—*H. S*

Two Chinas—Fishwife in foreground sits on wall in Portuguese Macao, but the hills beyond the river are part of Communist China. Canton lies sixty miles upriver.

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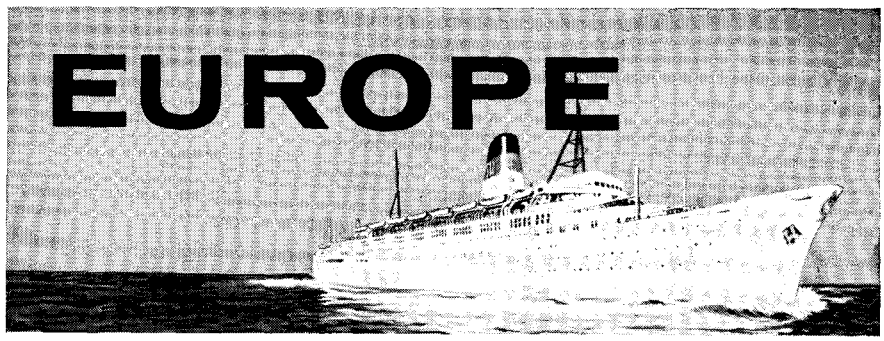
bales and boxes for their kin in New China form a thin but steady stream up the isthmus road.

Macao has always been a sanctuary for refugees, not the least illustrious of whom was Sun Yat-sen. The Moorish house where he lived in 1912 stands on a tree-shaded street flying the banner of Chiang's China. As a historical oddity, it vies with the Buddhist temple of Kun Yan, in whose courtyard the United States, represented by Caleb Cushing, signed a commercial treaty with Viceroy Yi of China in 1844. Portugal signed as a third, witnessing power. The stone table and the four stone benches they used are still in place, but the temple, which dates back to the Ming Dynasty, is of considerably more interest to the Chinese as a place of prayer and supplication. Oriental gamblers frequent the halls before visiting the fan-tan tables, rolling the loose ball held in the jaws of the foo dogs at the entrance. There is a drum on hand for those who would attract the attention of the spirits, and expectant mothers may buy a coil of incense to help them bear a boy.

The Portuguese like to point out that in their long-held settlement at Macao, Macanese, pure Portuguese, and Chinese live side by side, there being no such thing as a Chinese quarter. However, the narrow street rather incongruously called the Rua da Felicidade is a teeming jumble of hanging ducks—skinned, flattened, and fried—signs, rickshas, and Orientals in every conceivable costume including coolie coat and trousers worn with fedora. Around the corner the restaurant known as Long Kei is highly celebrated in local quarters and offers scrambled shark's fin and eggs, double boiled turtle soup, baked pigeon, fried shrimp with cashew nuts, fried frogs with vegetables and fried milk, all of which one can help ingest with a potion from the yonder side of the border called Sham Sing, a colorless explosive which, by comparison, makes vodka seem like malted milk.

Many visitors to Macao are day trippers, but for those who come to stay there are five European hotels, all allegedly first class. The Bela Vista, the oldest, was built 100 years ago and has been a school, hospital, refugee camp, NAAFI hotel. It has twenty-six rooms which it lets at anywhere from $6 to $11 a day, has a beautiful location hanging over the sea, but looks its age and needs nothing so much as a new start in life. Newest is the Vila Taivip, once a private villa, now taken over by a combine called the Taivip Co., a word that means "big business." Of the original estate, a flowered garden and pool grace the front lawn, and there are ten rooms upstairs all with bath, phone, and radio —about $10 to $15 U.S. Most appealing

(*Continued on page 54*)



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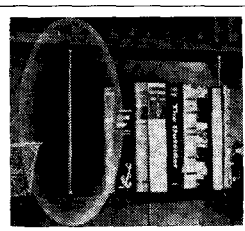

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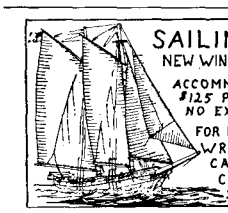

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FICTION

Reality in a Monolithic State

"Stories from Modern Russia," edited by C. P. Snow and Pamela Hansford Johnson *(St. Martin's Press. 265 pp. $4.95), indicates that contemporary Soviet writers have inherited the vigorous realism and passion for ideas of their nineteenth-century counterparts. Gay Wilson Allen teaches English at NYU.*

By GAY WILSON ALLEN

THESE stories will not create the excitement aroused in the Western world by the publication of Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago," but ultimately they may be more important, for they probably throw more light on literary activity and the status of the writer in the Soviet Union than that surprising novel. Furthermore, as literature they compare more favorably with the best contemporary fiction of the West.

The editors warn that these stories should not be read as "documents in the Cold War." However, since one of them bitterly attacks the inhumanity of the petty director of a collective farm, and all of them throw the searchlight of realism on living conditions which the West would regard as intolerable, American readers may find it difficult to heed the warning. C. P. Snow and Pamela Hansford Johnson know personally many Russian authors, whom they consulted in making their selection, and it is their conviction that the majority "accept the Communist system as the only imaginable and desirable one"; yet,

> Under that general umbrella of conviction . . . there is room for criticism, disputation, argument, varieties of opinion. There is not only room for it, but it happens with remarkable and sometimes disconcerting vigor, for Russians now, like nineteenth-century Russians, show a passion for ideas, which makes a good many of our own internal arguments seem insipid, gossipy, complacent.

The six stories in this volume do indeed have more vigor, passion, and compassion than most fiction published in English today. The oldest author in the group, Konstantin Paustovsky, born in 1892, belongs to "the generation of Soviet writers whom Gorki fathered and looked after in the Twenties." Possibly his age may be reflected in his story, "The Telegram," about a young woman who becomes so absorbed in her career as secretary to the Union of Artists that she absent-mindedly permits her mother to die alone in a provincial hamlet. The youngest writer, Vladimir Tendryakov, in his early thirties, exposes a cowardly bureaucrat whose paper record means more to him than a human life. In depth of passionate sympathy there is no difference between the younger and the older writer.

Of course, both of these stories contain a great deal more, for they are in no sense exposés, and only incidentally sociological studies. Each conveys a dense, varied, complex segment of Russian life. The diction is simple and even naïve in appearance, but the texture is subtle and sophisticated. These stories are about as unlike the short story as defined by Poe, with its severe limitations of length, setting, characters, and plot, as the nineteenth-century Russian novel is unlike the fiction of William Dean Howells. In fact, except for the small cast of characters, they remind one more of the epic and the primitive folk tale than the short story. Two are long enough to be called novellas, and in all of them the time-scale can be anything from a few days to several years or even centuries.

Especially epical and spatial is "One Man's Life," by Mikhail Sholokhov. This was published in the United States in 1958 as "Destiny of Man"; since then, Sholokhov's second Don River series has become as world-famous as his first. Like his novels, the story was particularly difficult to translate, because the author weaves "the demotic speech of the Cossacks not only into the dialogue, but into the text."

IN A story called "Bob" the Siberian biologist S. Zalygin reveals that higher education in the Soviet Union can be too humane. An almost tragically mediocre student becomes a member of a university faculty because an otherwise competent dean and brilliant scientist is misguidedly tactful and merciful. For Western readers in the academic profession it will be both funny and sad, and a little reminiscent of situations they may have known. But how unlikely it is that an American biologist would write such a skilful, ironical story!

Aside from setting, geography, and Slavic somberness – relieved by flashes of wit–, these are not the kind of story we might expect the Russians to be writing, and still less to be reading, in the bulky literary monthlies known as "thicks," which we are told sell prodigiously. As a consequence of their large sales, writers are well paid, and established authors serve as editors and encourage new talent.

The editors of "Stories from Modern Russia" hope to make amends for their "sins of omission" by publishing another volume, in which they will include the work of some of the fine Leningrad writers as well as those from other parts of the USSR besides Russia proper.

"Well, I wouldn't exactly say they were meant for each other, but they certainly weren't meant for anyone else."

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From Privacy to Responsibility

"The Contemporary English Novel," by Frederick R. Karl *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 294 pp. $4.95), finds that since 1930 British fiction has swung from an experimental and private form back to more classical lines. J. D. Scott was formerly a literary editor of The Spectator.*

By J. D. SCOTT

IN STUDYING the contemporary English novel, 1930 is a convenient date at which to begin. In that year, D. H. Lawrence died, and the student, like a climber returning from the Alps to the Lake District, has to adjust his sense of scale to a new group of young writers whose first novels had recently appeared. By starting while he was still at Eton, Henry Green had got in first, in 1926, with "Blindness"; Evelyn Waugh and Christopher Isherwood followed in 1928, respectively with "Decline and Fall" and "All the Conspirators"; Graham Greene's "The Man Within" appeared in 1929, and although Anthony Powell's "Afternoon Men" did not come out until 1931, it is clear that by 1930 a new generation had taken over the English novel.

It is with this generation of novelists, and their younger contemporaries, that Frederick R. Karl is concerned: those writers, as he puts it, "whose major development occurred in the 1930s and later, that is, in the period after Joyce's 'Ulysses' and the major novels of Lawrence." This means, naturally, that some writers who are older in years than the 1930 vintage are included. Dr. Karl devotes full chapters, roughly equal in length, to Samuel Beckett, Lawrence Durrell, C. P. Snow, Graham Greene, Elizabeth Bowen, Evelyn Waugh, and Ivy Compton-Burnett; and includes shorter studies of Henry Green and George Orwell, Anthony Powell, Angus Wilson, Nigel Dennis, William Golding, Iris Murdoch, Rex Warner, P. H. Newby, and others.

Dr. Karl's preoccupation is with the individual novelist; nevertheless he has a theme, the theme of a major division of the English novel of the period into two main kinds, into one or the other of which most of the fiction that he is discussing tends to fall. If we look back to the new novels of 1930, we can see that it was still natural for young authors to write "experimental" novels; it was as natural as for a gifted young graduate scientist to research: how else were the frontiers to be advanced? Both "Blindness" and "All the Conspirators" were experimental novels, but while Isherwood's experimentalism was limited to a rather gingerly insertion of passages of mildly Joycean prose into what was basically a traditional narrative drama, "Blindness" was coherently experimental. It was an impressionistic novel, a novel of mood and of evocation, deeply felt, but also mannered and self-conscious. It owed something to Aldous Huxley, and more to Virginia Woolf, and it belonged in a tradition that seemed to make of writing a private occupation. To a reader whose taste had been formed by Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells it would have seemed obscure, and both intellectually and socially exclusive. Although some of the novelists who were beginning to write in 1930 were to move to the Left two or three years later, it must always be remembered that there is a gap of several years between the appearance of a new movement in literature and the time when young people pick up the "new" books in the public libraries in the provinces. Up to 1939, and therefore through the interregnum of the war and beyond, the specifically "modern" novel in England seemed to be written by, and about, people living on private means, liberated not only from the meanness of the back streets and the ribbon-development suburbs but equally from the pressures of jobs—even dignified jobs; even from the tasks of government.

Frederick R. Karl—"takes C. P. Snow as the touchstone."

I am not saying that this was a fair view, or an accurate one, but it was held; and when the reaction came against novels which seemed characteristically to be taking place in Rectory gardens and Florentine villas, it was a reaction also against the type of novel that seemed to be getting itself written in such places. The modern novel, the experimental novel, the obscure, difficult, private novel, the artistic novel, was out.

The dominating figure of the revolution is, of course, C. P. Snow, who did more than anyone else to restore to the English novel its classical themes—I mean strictly classical themes, for Snow's interest in the relationship between personal *virtus* and public responsibility is much more truly classical, and much less Christian, than that of many of the Victorian novelists with whom he is sometimes compared. Dr. Karl rightly takes C. P. Snow as the touchstone of all his judgments.

Dr. Karl's theme is all the more interesting because it is only within the last few years that there has been published something very like a masterpiece of the other kind. Packed with every complicated device of the novelist's art, written in a prose combining Baroque splendor and Romantic passion, Lawrence Durrell's Alexandria quartet of novels appears on the English scene with all the superb improbability of a Borgia Pope at a synod of Puritan Divines. It is, however, out of the main stream of current English writing.

On Snow and Durrell, as well as upon most of his other major and minor figures, Dr. Karl writes sensibly and sympathetically, if not with great penetration or subtlety. But in a chapter entitled "The Angries: Is There a Protestant in the House?" both his sympathy and his common sense come adrift. The phrase "Angry Young Men," which was coined in the popular press, has never had a place in serious criticism of the novel; and for Dr. Karl to adopt it at this late stage, even as he half-disowns it, simply emphasizes its vulgar obtuseness. To say, for instance, that "William Cooper is often thought of as the 'father' of the Angry Young Men, although he is the least angry of the lot" is to steal the language of the gossip columns for

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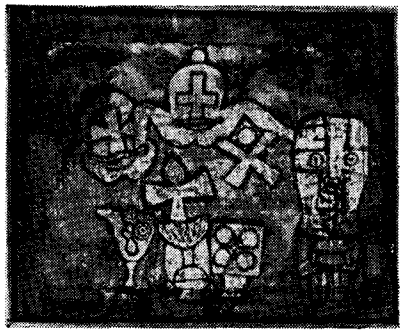

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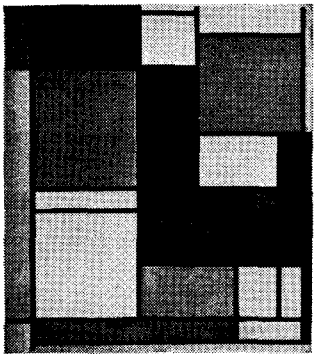

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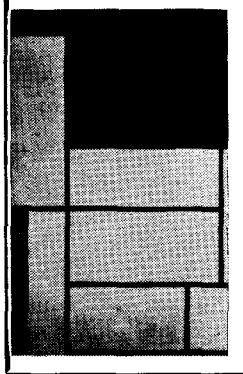

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the purposes of serious criticism. One really wonders whether Dr. Karl (who is assistant professor of English at the City College of New York) has read all the set books for the course. And even when he has read them, has he *studied* them? If so, how has he failed to say a single original or interesting thing about a novelist as interesting and original as Kingsley Amis?

There were times in reading Dr. Karl's book when I felt that, in academic terms, it deserved Beta Double Plus; but touches of carelessness (Isherwood's "The Memorial," for instance, is not one of his "recent" novels; it was published in 1932, not 1946) and some breakdowns into really spine-chilling vulgarity ("This novel is somewhat spicier than the previous . . .") make this, I'm afraid, impossible. I mark it Beta Plus?.

Dalliance in a Dance Macabre

"The Conscience of Love," by Marcel Aymé, *translated by Norman Denny (Atheneum. 253 pp. $4.50), satirizes present-day society and the folly of its illusions. Laurent LeSage is professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

FOR NOT being rich, good-looking, or particularly sexy, Martin does pretty well for himself with the girls. True, he found his fiancée in bed with his brother—a discovery that so infuriated him that he strode out of the apartment and shoved a neighbor over the stair rail, thereupon spending three years in prison for murder. But the very day he gets out he runs into the gorgeous Tatiana, who whisks him off to her flat. Being left alone for awhile with Tatiana's mother, Martin, in a moment of abstraction, almost seduces the old lady. Tatiana gets him a job through her protector and presses him to live with her. He does, off and on, but also back at his own flat, where his brother and fiancée welcome him in a *ménage à trois,* occasionally increased to *quatre* or *cinq*.

Love, you can see, is a quite casual affair in this novel. The hero is after all not unusually favored, for the girls are generous to everyone and surrender their charms with the greatest of nonchalance—with too much nonchalance indeed for us to mistake the author's satirical intention. Behind the peep show of amatory episodes and naughty nude poses, we perceive his aim to expose the moral chaos of present-day society and the folly of its illusions.

Aymé's views remind one of Chamfort's cynical definition of love (contact of two epidermises) and there is a Voltairian quality in his satire. Very striking, too, is the similarity between Aymé's work and the "realistic" novels of the period, with their meandering

Marcel Ayme—"wisdom about love."

narratives frequently halted to bring in other stories or to introduce discussion. In justifying his interpolations, Aymé is particularly ingenious. Martin's good-for-nothing brother, a disabused philosopher whose indifference and indolence have made him an object of mystic veneration for the younger generations, leaves his notebooks conveniently around. Martin's greatest find, however, is a tale of sex violence and corruption among the wealthy classes. This starts our hero off on a lively hunt for a possible murderer and his victim. Like another *paysan perverti* whom fortune cast into all sorts of *milieux,* Martin gets a good look—from the seamy side—at many social worlds, thus allowing the author to paint a vast satirical fresco in the eighteenth-century manner.

Here is a tycoon who swindles his company to make up losses he takes through his partner's swindles; here is his wife, who talks like a Party member; here are gallivanting parents, juvenile delinquents, office workers, each with his own knavery and foolishness; an old white Russian who has logically proved the existence of God. Aymé's rogues and crackpots are drawn from present-day life, but their equivalents had been already observed by Marivaux, Lesage, or Rétif de la Bretonne.

Marcel Aymé, long famous for his caustic whimsies in fiction and drama, can claim new laurels for this work. Many will find it an immensely comic book or a telling book, full of wisdom about love and the sort of world we live in. Some will enjoy the peep-show. And some will prefer to sex or satire the bits of just pure fun: *e.g.,* Tatiana's mother eating pigs' feet in the parlor while reading and slipping on her gloves so as not to get the pages greasy.

INFRARED PHOTO OF WAR: Captain Gwynn, Mr. Jenkins, Sergeant Snell, Corporal Quilter, Private John Ball, and all their luckless comrade-heroes dress right, keep their chins in, throw out their chests, and, left-right-left-right, march off to war.

The time is the start of World War I; the men are English or, like the author, Welsh. They tramp to the docks in the dark; up the gangplank; across the Channel to a comfortable, warm rest in French horse stables; then to the front in slatted cattle trucks—animals all, on their way to the thickest, deepest, stickiest, and mostest mud in any place in any year in this century: the roads, fields, and trenches in that old No Man's Land of Boesinghe and Poelcapelle, near Ypres. This is the story of the men who "stand so perilous and transitory in this world."

Originally published in England in 1937, and now available here for the first time, **"In Parenthesis,"** by David Jones (Chilmark, $5.75), is, according to T. S. Eliot's foreword, "a work of genius." The war produced other works of genius, among them Henri Barbusse's "Le Feu," Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," and John Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers." But Jones's novel, or journal, strikes closest in its impassioned expressionist style to another account of that struggle, e. e. cummings's "The Enormous Room."

His is not entirely a war novel, Jones insists, and the title suggests it was a passing phase in the Jones career. There are snatches of Latin and Welsh. Cryptic, sometimes personal references are explained in notes, about which the reader is of two minds: now he wishes there weren't any, now he wishes there were more. But, minor questions aside, here is a poet laying bare his harrowing experiences. It's like an infrared photo of war, cutting through the haze of preconception, sentiment, and formula, and reaching down to unalterable, everlasting fundamentals. Not everyone will enjoy it, but to a few it will seem a masterpiece. —W. G. ROGERS.

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Neighbors with an Alien Complex

"The Labyrinth of Solitude: Life and Thought in Mexico," by Octavio Paz, *translated by Lysander Kemp (Grove. 212 pp. $3.95), explains the aloofness of a country that "was the child of a double violence." Daniel James has published two books on Mexico.*

By DANIEL JAMES

THE INTROVERSION of the Mexican has given rise to "the legend of the Mexican as an inscrutable being" like the Oriental, writes Mexico's leading poet, Octavio Paz, in a volume of essays that should contribute to a drastic re-examination of our views of his country. The Mexican lives in a "labyrinth of solitude" and always wears a mask before the world because, Paz explains, "we instinctively regard the world around us as dangerous." That is why "the Mexican is always remote" and remains basically an isolationist even after many years of contact with other nations.

But why should the outside world seem more hostile to the Mexican than to other people? The answer, Paz suggests, lies in the fact that contact with the foreigner has nearly always ended disastrously for the Mexican, and he has reacted by turning inward. Paz has in mind not only the trauma of the Spanish Conquest but also, earlier, that of the no less brutal conquest of the Valley of Mexico by the warlike Aztecs. Mexico, then, "was the child of a double violence," the Aztec and the Spanish.

The violence of the Spanish Conquest, in particular, has taught the Mexican that to "open" oneself up, to welcome the stranger, spells disaster. The classic example is that of Malinche, the Aztec princess who gave herself to Hernán Cortés and "opened" up Mexico to the Conquistadores with the indispensable aid she rendered them—a betrayal the Mexicans have never forgiven Malinche.

The "openness" of Malinche is associated in the Mexican mind with the weakness and inferiority of woman, who is vulnerable thanks principally to her biological makeup. Hence Malinche is also *"La Chingada"*—the past participle of *chingar,* to violate or rape. Paz points out that when the Mexican is in a nationalistic fervor he will cry, *"Viva Mejico, hijos de la chingada!"*—the *hijos* (sons) being anyone he considers alien: "strangers, bad Mexicans, our enemies, our rivals."

The opposite of the "open" *chingada* is the "closed" *chingón,* or *macho* (male), who "rips open" the former and is therefore regarded as the stronger. He is symbolized by the young Aztec king Cuauhtémoc, who singlehandedly rallied his people for their last stand against Cortés and was subsequently tortured and murdered by the Conquistador. Paz says that the Mexican sees in Cuauhtémoc certain analogies to Christ (both were sons of divinities and died humiliated and martyred), but he is primarily a symbol of the stoic, "closed" male. Thus Cuauhtémoc and Malinche personify the Mexican's view that life offers only two alternatives: "either he inflicts the actions implied by *chingar* on others, or else he suffers them himself at the hands of others."

Though woman *is* a passive object to whom things are done, she is also pursued—"circled," in Paz's word—and worshipped. So it is no accident that the cult of the Virgin of Guadalupe is the most powerful in Mexico. Discovered by the Indian Juan Diego on the very hill where the Aztecs worshipped their goddess of fertility, Tonantzin, Guadalupe is the indispensable link between the Aztec religion and Catholicism. But she is also something

RETURN OF THE GODS: When Cortés and his men reached Mexico in 1519, he was welcomed as the deity Quetzalcoatl, back from long exile. The Aztec king Motecuhzoma (Montezuma) presented him with the reverently preserved treasure of the god, addressing him through the Indian girl La Malinche. **"The Broken Spears,"** edited by Miguel León-Portilla, with drawings by Alberto Bertran adapted from original paintings (Beacon Press, $5), is the Aztecs' own account of the betrayal of their hospitality.

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Woodcut from the volume on Thoreau

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more. Since the gods who had failed the Aztecs in their mortal conflict with the Spaniards happened to be male, they returned to the worship of female deities; but, whereas they had formerly needed "Our Mother" Tonantzin to insure them good harvests, now, left "in a state of solitude" difficult for modern minds to comprehend, they required the consolation that only Guadalupe could offer them: she was the "Mother of Orphans."

Furthermore, the Church of Guadalupe gave the "orphaned" Indians the chance of belonging: "Catholicism reestablished their ties with the world and with the other world." But to survive in the world of his masters the Indian had to resort to dissimulation and lying — defense mechanisms characteristic of all subject peoples, which have persisted in Mexico. Consequently, the Mexican "excels at the dissimulation of his passions and himself," and "lying," writes Paz, "plays a decisive role in our daily lives" among high and low alike.

Even Mexico's first two great socio-political movements—the Independence of 1810-21 and the Reform of 1857-67 — are seen by him as essentially expressions of the Mexican tendency to mask reality. The liberal-democratic ideology of those movements, "far from expressing our concrete historical situation, disguised it, and the political lie established itself almost constitutionally." Paz is here oversimplifying history, for who can doubt that Hidalgo and Juárez represented the incontrovertible truths of independence and nationhood which could not be successfully disguised by the ideology of the "constitutional lie"? Yet there is point to the poet's assertion that nineteenth-century liberalism in Mexico was self-deceiving, and so deceived the people.

The Revolution of 1910-20, Mexico's third and latest socio-political movement, was "an explosion of reality" that has finally destroyed the political lie and enabled the Mexican people to find itself. Just as the Mexican "opens out" at the perennial fiesta, which he celebrates on any pretext, and there gets drunk enough to escape from himself and "discover" his brothers, so at the Revolution-Fiesta he has gotten "drunk with his own self [and] is aware at last . . . of his fellow Mexican." Mexico now "dares to exist," to throw off her old mask and show "the other face" — which is no longer the "face of courtesy, of dissimulation."

Yet Paz is not altogether sure that the Revolution has been successful. Reflecting the national attitude of diffidence, he fears that it is after all only a revival of blind nineteenth-century liberalism, and cites the Constitution of 1917 to make his point; but the Constitution, while containing some liberal shibboleths, also pioneered many truly revolutionary twentieth-century ideas (e.g., social security) and has proved an effective instrument in bringing about Mexico's remarkable progress.

It is disappointing to find that one as enlightened as Paz has not conquered the obsessive fear and envy of the United States that afflicts the Mexican intelligentsia (which Paz criticizes in an interesting essay for having lost its independence). This leads him to make unsupportable statements such as, "North American capital . . . is increasingly more powerful in the vital centers of our economy," when the trend is exactly the reverse. Fortunately, this bias does not trap Paz into championing the all-too-real imperialism of Soviet Russia, as many of his fellow-intellectuals do. The Soviet state presents a "terrifying visage," he charges, and "totalitarian socialism" may have proved able to bring industrialization but not freedom. "And this last is all that interests us, all that can justify a revolution." Further, Paz criticizes Marxism as obsolete, and demands "a new set of instruments" with which to analyze the new realities of our age; yet, inexplicably, he adds, "[but] I am not suggesting we . . . reject Marxism"!

If Paz is to remain a true disciple of Samuel Ramos, the highly original Mexican thinker who "tore away" Mexico's masks, he will inevitably come to see Marxism as the mask hiding today's ugliest reality, totalitarian despotism, and wish to tear it off.

Paz is exultant that Mexico no longer lives "on the periphery of history" alone and that everyone — European and North American included — is living on it "because there is no longer any center." Thus, "at the exit from the labyrinth of solitude we will find reunion . . ., and plentitude, and harmony with the world." If Paz is right, then we may soon expect him and other Mexican intellectuals of his generation — Leopoldo Zea and Edmundo O'Gorman come to mind — to break out of their own labyrinths and, becoming true revolutionaries, "invent new words and new ideas for these new realities" of our century which no philosopher of the last century could have foreseen.

Frequently brilliant and poetic in its style, "The Labyrinth of Solitude" is also somewhat erratic in conception and overladen with a symbolism that does not always stand up. Nevertheless, it is the most penetrating study of our baffling neighbor that this reviewer has yet seen in English. Lysander Kemp's translation is, despite certain inevitable faults, an excellent rendition of a poet exceptionally rich in the imagery of his idiom.

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Besides Parasols and Geishas

"Japan: Portrait of Paradox," by Quentin Crewe *(Nelson. 256 pp. $4), offers some conclusions about the character of a contradictory nation based on interviews with a cross section of its population. Dan Kurzman wrote "Kishi and Japan" and a forthcoming book on Communist infiltration in the Afro-Asian world, to be published by Random House.*

By DAN KURZMAN

THE TITLE of this book is appropriate, for Quentin Crewe portrays Japan as a paradox indeed. A nation stifled by tradition, yet buried in the trappings of an alien Western culture. A nation so sensitive that a student who is laughed at by his classmates for making a trivial mistake will remember this "disgrace" all his life, yet a nation capable of conducting death marches in war.

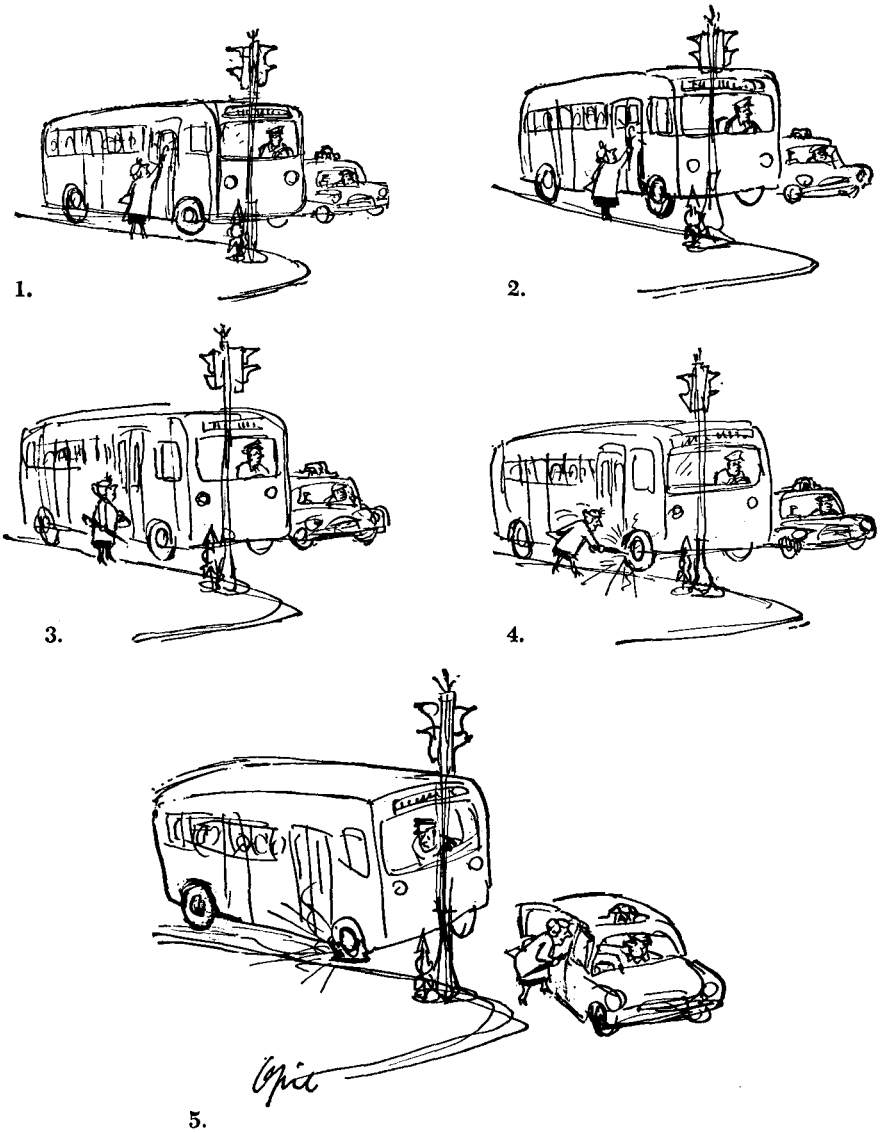
Mr. Crewe, a British magazine editor, discovers nothing new about the contradictions in the Japanese character. But his book is valuable for the simplicity and humanization of his anthropological observations. It is a kind of diary of his own adventures in Japan, his interviews and experiences with students, teachers, monks, geishas, Kabuki actors, politicians, taxi drivers, and innkeepers. The author uses each of these individuals as a vehicle for exploration, and explanation, of the enigmatic Japanese personality.

The reader is able to put himself in Mr. Crewe's shoes and travel about Japan, enjoying the misty, almost mystical, beauty of the countryside, the village festival, which is described as a "massive communal orgasm," and the shock of finding oneself booked for the night in a brothel because no other accommodations are available in town. In each of these and many other sensitively drawn experiences, the reader learns something about the unique traditions, tastes, fears, and hopes that make the Japanese what they are.

In some cases, however, Mr. Crewe succumbs to a tendency inherent in an effort to explain group behavior through individual example, oversimplifying people and the national characteristics that their actions and conversation are supposed to reflect. In discussing a Japanese professor who had collaborated with the Allies during the war after being captured, Mr. Crewe writes that "he had recognized in his defeat the superiority of his conquerors. So it was with nearly all Japanese prisoners of war." But the real explanation of prisoner behavior is more complex. Captured soldiers viewed their disgrace as cutting them off from Japanese society and taking them beyond the realm in which indigenous moral law operated. Thus, since they were no longer bound by this law, they saw no moral stigma in dealing unreservedly with the enemy. But this did not mean they suddenly accepted the foe as "superior." It was not until the Emperor himself called for peace that most Japanese, including prisoners, were prepared to acknowledge national defeat and, in many cases, to support the thesis that victory proved the Allies right.

Moreover, Mr. Crewe sometimes fails to describe modern Japan in the perspective of history. Certainly it is true that the web of social obligation that has always controlled and motivated Japanese behavior is still an important factor. The significant thing, however, is not that the web still exists, but that it has deteriorated to the extent it has in the few years since the war, a point almost ignored in this book. Many women, for example, have broken out of their kitchen niche in society. And though the author states that "in the web of society there is no place for a woman who has abandoned her husband," the fact is that the divorce rate has soared in postwar years, with most cases initiated by women.

In deploring Japan's low living stand-



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ards—the white-collar worker, he reports, is often paid as little as $45 a month—Mr. Crewe overlooks the fact that many employees receive virtually free housing, vacations, lunches, transportation, etc., permitting them to buy TV sets and washing machines and still save more than 10 per cent of their income. Nor does the author mention the unprecedented prosperity of the farmer as the result of Occupation land reforms.

Occasionally Mr. Crewe appears guilty of violating the very rules of "logic" that he finds wanting in the Japanese. Describing a student argument on the merits of a parliamentary bill that would widen the powers of the police, he complains that not one of the students "had read the actual bill itself." Further on, the author points to the police bill as an example of why Japanese democracy "teeters on the edge," though if he read the bill he certainly must have noted that the additional powers called for would hardly give the Japanese police as much power as the American police enjoys.

Despite such defects, many of Mr. Crewe's observations are quite valid, and his characters, when they are not caricatured, are fascinating. He manages to transplant the reader to Japan, giving him a view of it refreshingly shorn of the geisha (Mr. Crewe doesn't like geishas) and cherry-blossom sentimentality, as well of the bitter war-bred tones, that characterize many books on that extraordinary nation.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 975

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 975 will be found in the next issue.

BLNNDALLC RH E GNEKY ABYQY GYLGNY OGLX RLAG XRHMEFY YEKB LMBYQ OLQ XLZRY HMEQH.

OQYC ENNYW.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 974

The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MONARCHS

Moves on a Muscovite Chessboard

***"Ivan the Great of Moscow," by J. L. I. Fennell** (St. Martin's Press. 354 pp. $12), deals primarily with the campaigns and diplomatic gambits of the monarch under whose reign Russia was united. Michael T. Florinsky is the author of "Russia: A History and an Interpretation."*

By MICHAEL T. FLORINSKY

IVAN III, as grand prince (or grand duke), occupied the Muscovite throne from 1462 to 1505. This important period in the country's history brought to fruition the lengthy process of unification, the origins of which go back to the fourteenth century. Information on early Russian history is confused, incomplete, and untrustworthy. It is nevertheless believed that between the tenth and the thirteenth centuries there came into existence in the Russian plain a large number of sovereign and quasi-sovereign principalities, whose rulers were engaged in interminable feuds. The gathering of these territorial fragments, and their welding into a centralized state, was, it is held, the historic task of Moscow. In the fulfilment of this "mission" the four closing decades of the fifteenth century played an important part. Moreover, Ivan III annexed from Lithuania in 1503 sizable territories along the Muscovy's western border which, according to the Russian tradition, were once an integral part of Kievan Russia. The Moscow-Lithuanian war of 1500-1503 is represented as the culminating event of Ivan's carefully devised plan.

J. L. I. Fennell, lecturer in Russian at the University of Oxford, has steeped himself in Russian sources and appears equally at ease among ancient chronicles and their interpretations by Soviet historians. He would seem, however, to be less familiar with the writings of the older Russian historical school, which has contributed to the elucidation of the beclouded and treacherous happenings with which he deals.

A study of Russian Middle Ages, and particularly of the second half of the fifteenth and the early decades of the sixteenth centuries, presents formidable difficulties. They stem from the drab and dreary nature of the developments themselves, which offer no food to the mind or imagination, and also from the notable paucity of the sources. With the triumph of unification the process that led to it acquired the character of a preordained task, and the chronicles and other documents were accordingly expurgated, revised, edited, and rewritten. Of the state of the sources Mr. Fennell is fully aware, and he makes frequent references to it in his pages. He notes that "almost nothing is known of his [Ivan's] personal qualities or of his private life," and that "in the case of Ivan III and his reign there is little or nothing to help the historian to elaborate policies, except for the astonishing logical sequence of events." Surprisingly, Mr. Fennell erects on this frail foundation the towering figure "of a statesman of vision and above all of astounding singlemindedness." The consequence of Ivan's clear-sighted and unwavering policy was to make Russia "the leading nation in Eastern Europe."

The book is primarily concerned with foreign policy and diplomacy and offers the most exhaustive account available in English of the numerous campaigns and diplomatic moves conducted by Ivan. The clarity and sober elegance of Mr. Fennell's presentation notwithstanding, these are not always easy to follow. The brief closing section, perhaps the most interesting part of the book, throws some light on Ivan's internal policy. It is notable that feudalism, a central issue of the fifteenth century, is not discussed and the term itself is usually mentioned in quotation marks, in citations from Soviet sources.

According to Mr. Fennell, "only three rulers of Russia have ever won from posterity the appellation of 'the Great'—Ivan III, Peter I, and Catherine II." This is not an explicit statement. Peter, showing a for him unusual circumspection, did not leave to posterity the question of his "greatness" but received at the end of the Northern War the title of "the Great" from the Senate that he had himself appointed. Catherine followed a similar albeit less formal procedure. In Russian historiography the "greatness" of Ivan III was acknowledged in the early nineteenth century by Karamzin, one of the earliest and most chauvinistic historians. Chechulin, a historian in good standing and an admirer of Ivan III, wrote in 1897 that Ivan "is sometimes called

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Great." This appellation does not seem to have been used by Soloviev, Kliuchevsky, or Presniakov, and is not common even in the aggressively nationalistic Soviet historiography. The absence of any reference in Mr. Fennell's study to Presniakov is puzzling. Presniakov published in 1918 (in Russian) two books on this subject, of which one is a classic. His principal conclusion, which Mr. Fennell does not examine, is that "the unification of northeastern Russia was achieved through the destruction of all local independent political forces. . . . These forces . . . were the custodians of Russian legal and social institutions based on immemorial custom. Their downfall undermined the stability of the traditional framework of the state. . . . Political unification . . . led to Muscovite absolutism." No wonder that "posterity" showed little eagerness in acclaiming Ivan's greatness.

Opportunist from Anhalt-Zerbst

"Catherine the Great: Autocrat and Empress of All Russia," by Ian Grey *(Lippincott. 245 pp. $6), considers the energetic qualities of Peter III's ambitious German wife. Ivar Spector wrote "An Introduction to Russian History and Culture."*

By IVAR SPECTOR

THIS biography of Catherine II (1762-1796), the insignificant German Princess Sophia of Anhalt-Zerbst who became "one of the arbiters of the affairs of Europe," is a logical sequel to Ian Grey's "Peter the Great" (1960). Although he presented a new image of Peter as a dedicated, selfless, and highly creative ruler, it appears to be his purpose to break the "spell" that Catherine cast over her contemporaries in Russia and Western Europe.

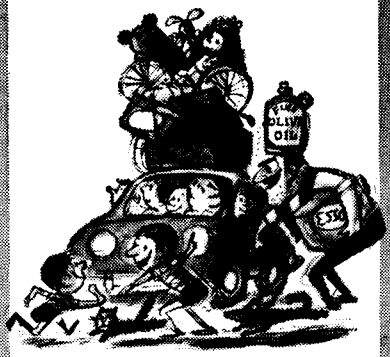
The reader gleans the impression that Catherine was a great personality rather than a great Empress, a first-rate opportunist rather than an idealist, a borrower of ideas rather than one who made a distinctively original contribution; that she was a consummate actress and an eighteenth-century version of a publicity expert who threw up a "façade"—a glorified Potemkin village—thereby surrounding herself with "an aura of success."

Almost half of this book is devoted to the period from 1744 to 1762, that, is, from the fifteen-year-old Catherine's arrival in Russia to her accession to the throne by military coup d'état. The impression is given that Catherine was prepared to make any sacrifice to become Empress. German by origin, she proceeded to become more Russian than the Russians. Lutheran by birth, she paraded her devotion to the Russian Orthodox Church of her adoption. For eighteen years she endured the insults publicly bestowed upon her by her retarded and seemingly impotent husband, the Grand Duke, later Peter III. Her "greatness" during these years was due largely to the studied contrast between her behavior and the juvenile, pro-German conduct of her husband.

Once she acquired the throne, Catherine's primary objective was to keep it. Eternally indebted to the nobility, the army, and Orthodox clerical leaders for the security of the crown she usurped, in reality she became Empress of the Russian nobility, and watered down or abandoned her elaborate programs for constitutional, legal, social, and economic reforms. Grey describes her reign as "the golden age of the nobility," whose privileges were extended and entrenched at the expense of the vast mass of Russian serfs. By ignoring the evil of serfdom, she evaded "the great challenge of her reign," with the result that reform became impossible and revolution inevitable.

The Pugachev Revolt (1773-75), a protest against Catherine's favoritism toward the nobility, was, according to Grey, "a social revolution." It may also be interpreted in some areas annexed to Russia as a revolt against colonialism. This wide-spread uprising at home, followed by the American and French Revolutions abroad, transformed the self-styled liberal, but wholly practical, Empress into a thorough reactionary. Strangely enough, Ian Grey makes no reference to the impact on Russia of the American Revolution, although it was thirty-three years before Russia recognized the United States.

This is a very readable and colorful biography of Catherine the Great, based on well-known Russian and contemporary sources. Needless to say, the author has exploited the love life of the oversexed Empress, whose succession of more than twenty "favorites" often made her appear "less than great."



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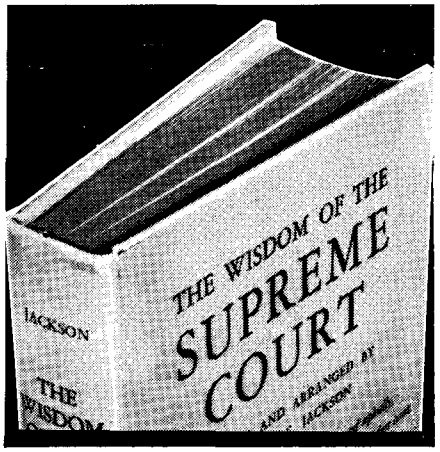

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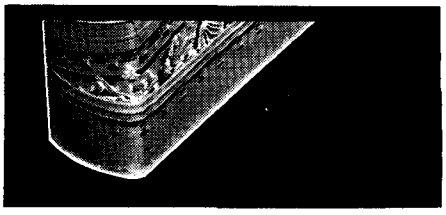

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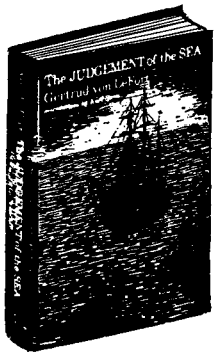

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WELLSPRINGS OF PHILOSOPHY

In the Deed Lies His Creed

"The Ethical Mysticism of Albert Schweitzer," by Henry Clark *(Beacon Press. 205 pp $4.95), examines the philosophy of the humanitarian of Lambaréné without either hero-worship or denigration. Carl Hermann Voss is minister of the New England Congregational Church in Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*

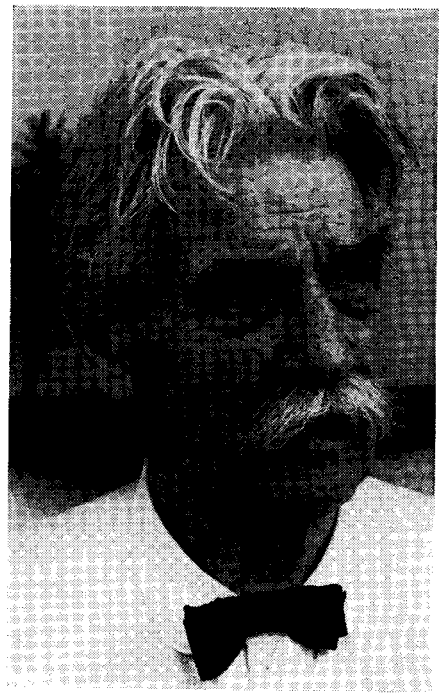
By CARL HERMANN VOSS

ANY DISCUSSION of Albert Schweitzer usually arouses one of two extreme reactions: the Doctor of Lambaréné is either the greatest man in the world and a genius of humanity, or he is a mountebank and poseur. Rarely is there a moderate opinion combining sensitive appreciation with calm appraisal. In this middle-of-the-road category falls "The Ethical Mysticism of Albert Schweitzer."

The title is formidable, as is much of the content, an adaptation of a thesis written for Union Theological Seminary. Henry Clark reflects careful scholarship on every page, especially in the copious notes and extensive bibliography. The going will be rough for anyone not familiar with theology and Biblical criticism: he will bog down in sections dealing with *Formgeschichte* and *kerygma,* and be puzzled by such terms as "demythologizing" and "de-kerygmatizing." The book's message is often obscured by erudition and polemics. Yet such obstacles should deter no one in search of a fresh understanding of Schweitzer.

Henry Clark writes of *Le Grand Docteur* as theologian and philosopher, missionary and doctor, musician and world citizen. For the most part he focuses on the first two. At the same time, he gives a sympathetic interpretation of the medical work on the Ogowe River in Gabon, criticized by so many as primitive and unsanitary, segregated and paternalistic.

Respect and affection for Schweitzer abound in these pages, but they never degenerate into hero worship. Clark is detached in most instances, and he maintains a logical analysis that uncovers inconsistencies in Schweitzer's views. With lucid exposition he traces the sources of Dr. Schweitzer's ideas and lays emphasis on the indebtedness



—*Clara Urquhart.*

Albert Schweitzer—"determined by the mysterious Experience of God."

to Kant, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche.

He describes in considerable detail the structure of Schweitzer's ethical mysticism—ethics of self-perfection, social ethics, cosmic dimension, and Jesus as the Christ—and defines it not as a mysticism of contemplation but rather as a "deed mysticism." Clark calls it a "Christ mysticism" and makes his point well, dissenting from Gabriel Langfeldt's insistence on Schweitzer's belief in the historic Jesus and not the Christ of dogma ("Albert Schweitzer: The Philosophy of His Life," by Gabriel Langfeldt, *SR,* Jan. 14, 1961). Schweitzer himself seems to have explained it best in a letter to his friend, Oskar Kraus, in 1923:

> My life is completely and unmistakably determined by the mysterious experience of God revealing Himself within me as ethical Will and desiring to take hold of my life.

To Lambaréné and its hospital compound, symbol of Schweitzer's effort to expiate the white man's guilt for oppressing the black man, Clark has never been able to travel; but in 1954 he went to Oslo and, at the Nobel Prize ceremony, asked Schweitzer: "Where should I go and under what particular

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professors should I study in order to get the best possible education in your thought?" Schweitzer answered: "Read my books! No one can express the ideas of a man so well as he has expressed them himself in his writings!" In the years that followed Clark read not some but *all* the available literature by and about the Doctor in German, French, and English. This valuable monograph is the result.

Clark has made his book even more useful by including in appendices Schweitzer's essay on "The Ethics of Reverence for Life" and the concluding statements from "The Quest of the Historical Jesus," the latter in Clark's own translation.

Ancient Heritage in a New Cause

"Jesus of Nazareth: The Hidden Years," by Robert Aron, *translated by Frances Frenaye (Morrow. 253 pp. $4), explores the influences on the Nazarene as a youth: the prevailing Jewish mores, the sanctity of Canaan, the concreteness of the Aramaic tongue. Maxine Greene teaches literature and philosophy at NYU School of Education.*

By MAXINE GREENE

ROBERT ARON has attained prominence as both historian and witness. His two previous books were accounts of events that touched him deeply and personally: the history of the Vichy government and the liberation of France. The present book, which has won him the Prix Femina Vacaresco, seems also to have sprung from personal involvement, this time the spiritual involvement of a French Jew who experienced Nazi occupation and was moved to explore his people's roots in the past. A history of a sort has resulted, a believer's history, imaginative and scholarly, of the Jewish origins of Jesus's mission and thought, and of the common heritage underlying Judaism and Christianity.

Again, M. Aron has written as a witness, with a revelation and a lesson to tell. His object is not only to investigate Judaism during Jesus's "hidden years" but to develop an analogy between the battle against the idolators of that era and the battle against those he conceives to be modern idolators, the forces of atheism and materialism, the Communist "common foe" of Christian and Jew alike. He would have us believe that only if our ancient spiritual commitment is renewed and our "common heritage" reaffirmed can we defeat "paganism" in our world.

His heuristic—or propagandistic—intent (perhaps characteristic of the witness who thinks he has escaped to tell) seems to this reviewer to be extrinsic, overly reportorial, and a denial of M. Aron's implicit claim to scholarship. To use the results of a long inquiry as an argument for a grandiose "holy war" is to vitiate a job of research that has the potentiality, at least, of shedding considerable light on a murky period of history.

The chief interest of the book, nevertheless, derives from its exploration of Jewish tradition and Jesus's adaptation of it. M. Aron makes it clear that factual reconstruction would be impossible; and he has chosen, instead, to "sift historical and spiritual influences." This has left him free to use his personal experience with Jewish liturgy and his own imaginative responses to, for example, the landscape around Nazareth. The sifting process has also involved a consideration of the Aramaic language and its peculiar consequences for Judaeo-Christian thought; and it is here, as well as in his examination of Jewish ceremonies in their full "purity and innocence," that M. Aron is at his best.

Moving outward from a study of the spare concreteness of the Aramaic tongue and of the manifold ceremonials that maintained a constant awareness of the Divine, he shapes a central conception around which his book is built. Linguistic and literary evidence leads him to stress the insistently dual nature of the Jewish faith, which linked the Divine plan with all the particulars of human existence on earth. This was possible, he says, because of the ancient conviction that the land of Canaan was the land of Revelations, a place where every stone and every human act could be considered sacred, blessed by the Lord, the One.

This sense of the earth's sacredness was destroyed in the course of the Roman invasion, which infringed on the Temple itself and profaned and corrupted the land. The clash between the ideals of Israel and Graeco-Roman thought was, according to M. Aron, responsible for Jesus's transformation of the age-old faith. Working against a background of distinctively Judaic experience, he reinstituted a lost cosmic harmony by conceiving the human being in an other-worldly rather than a worldly context, where the unprofaned

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SEASONABLE SNATCHES

Many composers have written music about the seasons, either separately or as a group. Frank R. Stott of South Gate, California, has selected a group of these and asks you to identify the scrambled composers. Form of composition in indicated for duplicate titles. Answers on page 40.

1. "The Four Seasons" (set of four violin concertos)	( )	Samuel Barber
2. "The Four Seasons" (set of four concertinos for various instruments)	( )	Wayne Barlow
3. "The Four Seasons" (symphony)	( )	Benjamin Britten
4. "The Seasons" (oratorio)	( )	Chou Wen-Chung
5. "The Seasons" (ballet)	( )	Aaron Copland
6. "All in the Spring Wind"	( )	Frederick Delius
7. "Appalachian Spring"	( )	Alexander Glazunov
8. "The Rite of Spring"	( )	Mikhail Glinka
9. "Spring Symphony"	( )	Edvard Grieg
10. "Summer Music for Woodwind Quintet"	( )	Henry K. Hadley
11. "Summer Night in Madrid"	( )	Josef Haydn
12. "Summer Night on the River"	( )	Darius Milhaud
13. "Overture in Autumn"	( )	Igor Stravinsky
14. "Winter Dreams Symphony"	( )	Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky
15. "The Winter's Past"	( )	Antonio Vivaldi

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she has a right to live

Tran Thi Tinh, Vietnamese, age 12. Father killed in Communist ambush. Mother left with four children. Youngest born after father's death. Mother still unable to work. Family lives in mud hut 10 x 10 feet. One bed and crude shelves. Tinh cannot afford to go school. Stays home and cares for infant. All children hungry. Mother desperate. Situation acute. Help urgent.

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spirit, freed of the earth, could come in touch with the Divine.

But the writer constantly reiterates that this in no way canceled the Christian debt to Judaism. He presents, as evidence, a series of *aperçus* on resemblances not generally known. One has to do with the Hebrew idea of time as duration, as flow rather than succession. In the temporal continuum the sacred past is constantly re-enacted ceremonially; the Messiah is sought in each man's life; each man lives out the historic dedication to God. Another *aperçu* has to do with the double aspect of the Talmud, the legal and the literary, and the role of the latter, the Haggadah, in shaping Jesus's later thought. We learn, too, of the differences among the Pharisees, of their fundamental dedication to freedom and to the message of mercy and of love; we learn, interestingly enough, of the similarity between the Jewish mourning prayer, the Kaddish, and the Lord's Prayer; and we read, again, of a more familiar relationship—that between the Passover and Easter, akin in Robert Aron's eyes, symbolic of all that is common and most profound.

THE "hidden years" of Jesus's life are presented as stages in the religious education of a type of Jewish boy. By examining the main events in that education—the daily blessings, the attendance at the synagogue, the reading of the Torah, the bar mitzvah—the writer suggests what he believes to be the crucial events of Jesus's youth. If he experienced the synagogue and its community of worshipers, if he went through the trauma of viewing the elaborate Temple with its rituals, its priests, its Roman guards, if he argued with Pharisee doctors about freedom and the multiple interpretations of the Law, we can conclude, according to M. Aron, that the main currents in Jewish thought and the leading edge of its conflict with paganism all made Christianity what it was, at least in Jesus's incarnation.

This would seem sufficient for most readers. Some of the presentation is impressionist; all of it is clear, in translation by Frances Fresnaye, and unusually readable. It seems unfortunate that M. Aron must begin and end with a trumpet call, directed towards "Jews, Christians and humanistic unbelievers," urging them to make "sacred common cause." It seems strangely unhistorical—and even un-Hebraic—to say that, if such a union comes into being, "we shall have enduring light."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 10, 15, 9, 6, 7, 12, 5, 11 ,13, 3, 4, 2, 8 14 1.

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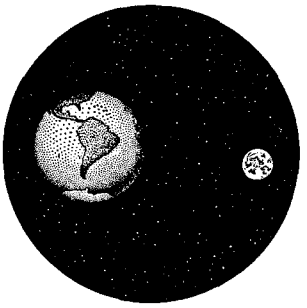

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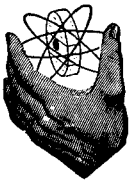

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait LXXIII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier • Letters to the Editor

ARTICLE: Auditing Cancer Research

WHEN IS A NEW IDEA FIT TO PRINT?

ON the two following pages of this issue of *Saturday Review* is reproduced the text of a letter signed by seven eminent scientists, among them Dr. Harold Urey, a Nobel laureate.

The writers of this communication accuse *SR*'s Science Editor of giving "the general public . . . an erroneous impression of scientists and the scientific method" by publishing Dr. John J. Gilvarry's theory that the ocean basins of earth may have been formed by explosive impact of meteorites billions of years ago, before the continents existed.

The Gilvarry theory is merely "a set of very speculative hypotheses," the letter declares; but by characterizing them in a headline as "a new theory of the earth's evolution" the "impression is created" that the hypotheses have "found some acceptance."

Without describing the polling technique employed to document their conclusion, the seven signers of this protest—Drs. Gordon Goles, Harold C. Urey, V. Rama Murthy, Walter Munk, H. W. Menard, A. E. J. Engel and Tj. van Andel, all of the University of California School of Science and Engineering at La Jolla—find the Gilvarry speculations "unacceptable to most if not all competent students of the origin and history of the earth."

Again without setting forth tests that would be appropriate for verification of such speculations, the seven critics deplore "the prospect of misrepresenting either the theories of science or the methods by which new hypotheses are tested and finally accepted or rejected."

Having at the beginning of their letter indicted *SR*'s Science Editor for poor judgment, the seven correspondents conclude their message by exhorting him not to accept the judgment of the editors and qualified scientific referees of distinguished journals like *Nature* (the famous British organ that published the Gilvarry theory originally) in the future. They "earnestly recommend" that "if necessary" the burden of editorial decision be abdicated to unidentified "specialists" who would determine which ideas are genuinely "scientific in scope and purpose" and hence fit to print.

As the stated objective of the authors of this letter is avoidance of "bad education . . . [of] an uninformed reader," any reasonable response to their complaint must adopt the form of an educational exercise. First must come the inquiry: What is science?

Science is the impartial study of verifiable phenomena. It begins with accurate observation. From the observations, hypothetical laws are deduced to explain what is seen or heard or otherwise experienced. The laws predict thus and so happenings under given circumstances. Carefully designed and controlled experiments are conducted under such circumstances, and if the predictions of the hypotheses are repeatedly confirmed the new theory wins acceptance. But theories rarely survive long in their original form. They are revised and amended in varying degrees almost continuously as new observations are made and new facts are gathered, correlated, and applied to the refinement of knowledge.

What theory of the origin of earth's ocean basins does science as a body of knowledge accept at the present time?

There is no one accepted theory. Although some geologists among *SR*'s readers (not the seven men from La Jolla) have expressed resentment of the statement, it is true that the ocean basins are a continuing mystery. In his contribution to G. P. Kuiper's classic work, "The Earth as a Planet," Professor J. Tuzo Wilson of Toronto put the accepted position on the question succinctly: "[relative to the continents] the . . . ocean basins . . . are the older and simpler features" of the planet.

Dr. Gilvarry began his speculations from the position given by Professor Wilson. Whatever happened to create the ocean basins must have happened prior to 3,000,000,000 years ago because the oldest rocks on the continents are 3,000,000,000 years old. From astrophysical evidence, the earth itself is assumed to be 4,500,000,000 years old, and the rocks bear no record of any kind of the first 1,500,000,000 years.

For the next step of his theory, Dr. Gilvarry drew together the following five now generally accepted scientific conceptions:

(1) That the earth and the moon came into being at about the same time.

(2) That since then the two bodies have remained sufficiently close together to share the same environment.

(3) That the so-called seas on the moon, the *maria*, were created by explosive impact of meteorites.

(4) That a number of craters on the earth were likewise blasted out by meteorites.

(5) That the crust of the earth beneath the oceans differs markedly in composition from the crust beneath the continents, the continents being mainly light granites and the sea floor mainly heavy basalts.

To these five widely accepted hypotheses (and it should be kept in mind that they are all hypotheses) Dr. Gilvarry added an observation. This was that since the moon is smaller than the earth, and since the *maria* on the moon are as much as 800 miles across, the larger earth should have been able to survive meteorite hits that would have left craters several times that size.

Coupling the foregoing observation to the previously accepted hypotheses, Dr. Gilvarry concluded that it was reasonable to investigate whether the ocean

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A Letter of Complaint and Protest

In your issue of November 4, 1961, pp. 53-58, you published a paper by Dr. John J. Gilvarry entitled "How the Sky Drove the Land from the Bottom of the Sea." By subtitling this article "A New Theory of the Earth's Evolution," the impression is created that this set of very speculative hypotheses has found some acceptance as a theory for the origin of ocean basins. We believe that this is not so. There are so many serious problems entirely neglected by Dr. Gilvarry, so many over-simplified facts and even cases of misinterpreted data, that his speculations are unacceptable to most if not all competent students of the origin and history of the earth.

If this is indeed the case (and we will outline briefly some of our reasons for making these statements), then it is clear that this article would be just bad "education" to an uninformed reader. No scientist can face with equanimity the prospect of misrepresenting either the theories of science or the methods by which new hypotheses are tested and finally accepted or rejected. Certainly to publish such misrepresentations on a very large scale, as in the *Saturday Review,* is to provide the general public with an erroneous impression of scientists and the scientific method. We feel sure that you would deplore such a result at least as much as we do.

Let us make a few specific comments on the paper under discussion. First, we note that the Arctic Ocean has been neglected in Dr. Gilvarry's paper. Is this because its depth-to-diameter ratio does not agree with his model? The arguments about the relation between depth and diameter of ocean basins are themselves uncertain. The general levels of the broad oceanic basins are obviously related to isostatic adjustment, as Dr. Gilvarry himself recognized in his article in *Nature;* one cannot with any certitude use these depths to establish speculations about the very early history of the earth.

The statement on p. 54 that "The floors of the oceans lie below the mean level of the mass of the land" only proves that water runs downhill.

The continental slopes are not precipitous: The average slope is about 5°, with extremes ranging from about 3° to 10°.

The ocean basins are not circular! We are surprised that no one raised this objection upon noting that, in Mr. Anderson's map on p. 53, a large area of the African continent had to be included in the "circular" North Atlantic! If one looks at a large-scale contour map of the ocean bottoms, the deviation from circularity becomes very marked, especially in the Atlantic; the Mid-Atlantic Ridge simply cannot be accommodated to Dr. Gilvarry's model. Also, the Andesite line in the Pacific does not have the significance imposed upon it by Dr. Gilvarry, and he has entirely neglected the East Pacific Rise.

We also note that the "raised rims" of the ocean basins, representing in Dr. Gilvarry's view the debris ejected from the craters, are of very different ages in different places, and in many cases very young. There is, for example, evidence that the Pacific Ocean is at least as old as the Upper Cretaceous, whereas much of the mountainous rim bordering it along the eastern side is a great deal younger than that.

The comments on the Deep Bay Crater (p. 57) are almost certainly wrong. The Deep Bay crater is much older than the Pleistocene and was probably punched into rock, with some subsequent sedimentation to reduce its apparent depth.

Dr. Gilvarry's ideas about the moon's surface are simply not true. It is very unlikely that the water contained in the moon's interior could be transferred to its surface as efficiently as in the case of the earth, due to the necessary difference in the thermal histories of the two bodies. Furthermore, we have evidence that water from the interior has been added to the earth's oceans during geological time (a conclusion apparently accepted by Dr. Gilvarry), and at a rate which would imply that there could never have been extensive oceans on the surface of the moon. There is no evidence whatsoever for erosion by streams on the lunar surface, which would certainly have occurred if there had been oceans at one time. Also, the degree of relief of the maria is known to be greater than that of the lunar uplands, so that the maria cannot be sediment plains in any usual sense.

We may comment that the explanation of Kozyrev's observations given on p. 58 of Dr. Gilvarry's paper is so extremely improbable as to border on the fantastic.

Most of the numbers given in the second column on p. 58 are no longer considered to be applicable to the whole earth, on the basis of work done in the last decade. Also, the Mohorovicic discontinuity under the continents is neither so well-defined (analysis of the seismic data is relatively difficult, due to reflections arising in crustal fine structures) nor of such a constant depth as Dr. Gilvarry implies. Finally, all these calculations do no more than demonstrate once again the validity of the principle of isostacy.

There is a considerable body of evidence

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basins may have been gouged out of the earth's surface by meteorites during the first billion and a half years of the planet's evolution for which there is no evidence in the rocks.

Dr. Gilvarry was not the first man to whom this idea had occurred. It was first propounded in the scientific literature about four years ago, by a well known geophysicist, Dr. R. S. Dietz, who followed a line of reasoning different from Dr. Gilvarry's later argument and then abandoned the theory as unworkable. In the meantime, however, a British scientist, E. R. Harrison, published calculations proving that the impact of a meteorite of reasonable size could provide enough energy to create an ocean basin.

Dr. Gilvarry proceeded in his inquiry in the approved scientific way. He applied established laws of physics and mathematics to the problem. At first, he was unable to find any mathematical formula that would relate the proportions of the *maria* of the moon to the oceans of earth. (There was a formula relating the proportions of smaller lunar craters to earthly craters much smaller than the oceans, but it did not fit the *maria* and the oceans). Later, data became available from the Atomic Energy Commssion on creation of nuclear bomb craters under water. These craters were shallower than they would have been if the same explosions had occurred on dry land. So Dr. Gilvarry added a new hypothesis to his previous chain of thought. Suppose that at the time the meteorites had struck, the whole earth had been enveloped in water, as the tribal memory expressed in the Book of Genesis says it was in the beginning—would such collisions dig basins the size of earth's oceans? Dr. Gilvarry found they would, provided that two more hypotheses could be supported.

One of these last two hypotheses was that in striking the earth the meteorites would explode in such a way as to pile up rims of granite around the craters, that the weight of these rims would cause the crust of the earth to sink beneath them, and that the explosively-formed ocean basin bottoms would rise slowly until isostatic balance was restored between the heavier rock remaining under the oceans and the mountainous piles of lighter rock along the rims of the oceans.

The very last of Dr. Gilvarry's hypotheses was that at the time the *maria* of the moon were formed, the moon also was enveloped in water.

The isostacy of the earth is taken for granted by geologists and geophysicists. Among other reasons, it explains the slipping and faulting of the earth's crust that leads to earthquakes. Whether water was ever present on the moon is, by contrast, a debatable question and most astronomers but not all of them (see "The Strange World of the Moon," by V. O. Firsoff) are on the negative side of the argument.

In the foregoing paragraphs, Dr. Gilvarry's theory has been stated in words. Words can have many meanings to many people. A scientific theory, to be valid, must replace the words

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from La Jolla

supporting the hypothesis that continents have grown, by fairly well-understood geological processes, throughout the earth's history. Dr. Gilvarry ignores all this. In fact, it might be said that the fundamental problem of the origin of the earth's surface features is that of the growth of continents, which are certainly not the eroded roots of a jumbled pile of debris torn from the ocean basins.

We have attempted to outline some of the reasons for our opinion that Dr. Gilvarry's speculations do not deserve the label of "science." Of course, we realize that the prior publication of these ideas in a reputable scientific journal, *Nature*, absolves you of much of the responsibility for a critical review of their validity. (We will shortly submit a detailed critique of Dr. Gilvarry's paper to *Nature*.) However, we suggest that it is most unwise to assume that anything published in a scientific journal is "good science." Due in part to the increased difficulty of coping with the flood of scientific papers and of communication between specialists in various fields, it has become more and more necessary to examine *critically* all papers purporting to be scientific in scope and purpose. We earnestly recommend that you do so, if necessary with the aid and advice of specialists in the fields discussed, in the future.

GORDON GOLES
HAROLD C. UREY
V. RAMA MURTHY
WALTER MUNK
H. W. MENARD
A. E. J. ENGEL
TJ. VAN ANDEL
College of Science and Engineering,
University of California
La Jolla, Calif.

with numbers which have the same values to everyone.

Dr. Gilvarry put the numbers for his argument in a graph that accompanied his article in *SR's* issue of 4 November 1961. This graph is reproduced again on page 44 of this issue of *SR*. His theory stands or falls with that graph.

Now a graph is a picture story of a mathematically demonstrable truth. Dr. Gilvarry's particular graph is the story of what mathematicians call a quadratic function. A quadratic function is said to exist when certain things are comparable to certain other things. The smallest of these things must be in some simple proportion to each other. For example, a two-foot width with a two-foot depth, an eight-foot width with a four-foot depth, and a thirty-two-foot width with an eight-foot depth are proportional in the sense that one of the first pair of numbers is equal to the other, one of the second pair of numbers is twice the other, and one of the third pair of numbers is four times the other; in short, there is a constant doubling of the difference between the two members of each pair of numbers in the series. In order to satisfy the requirements of a quadratic function, the biggest things that are genuinely comparable to the little things we have been talking about must be expressible as pairs of numbers in which one number of the pair is proportional to the square of the other number: for example, a width of 10,000 with a depth of 100. When the pairs of numbers representing each of the little things and each of the big things are all set down together as points on the graph, they are mathematically comparable if it is possible to draw a relatively smooth curve through them.

On Dr. Gilvarry's graph, each point represents a pair of numbers that are the dimensions of a crater of some kind, one of the pair showing the width and the other the depth of the crater.

But the story on the graph is still a mystery story. It doesn't tell why the craters are comparable. It says simply that they are comparable. The problem is to find the reason. It may be a matter of pure chance. But if chance explained very many graphs, mathematicians and graph-makers soon would lose their jobs.

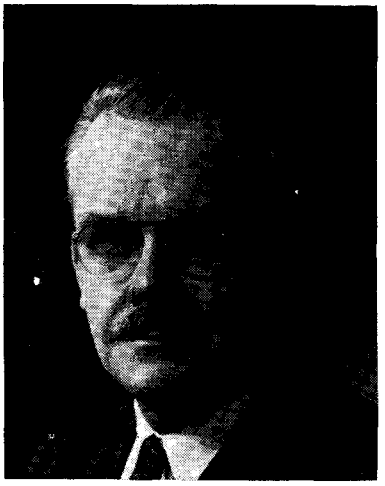
The why of Dr. Gilvarry's graph is suggested by the identity of the littlest pairs of numbers on it. These are at the bottom end of the longer of the two lines he has drawn. They mark the relative dimensions of craters formed *under water* by nuclear bomb *explosions*. The key words are italicized. These dimensions have been certified by the A.E.C.

At the top end of the long line on Dr. Gilvarry's graph are the dimensions of the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic, the North Pacific, the South Pacific and the Indian Oceans as Dr. Gilvarry calculates they would have been immediately after the hypothetical meteorites struck billions of years ago. The seven signers of the letter from La Jolla question these figures without offering alternates of their own —not a persuasive procedure in view of the fact that Dr. Gilvarry's numbers represent only gross ratios between width and depth of the oceans. The depth and nature of the Mohorovicic discontinuity where earth's crust and earth's mantle meet could vary without seriously affecting the basic conclusion of the Gilvarry theory.

The in-between points on the long line in Dr. Gilvarry's graph are the ones most open to argument. One of those points represents the dimensions of Deep Bay, a meteorite crater in Saskatchewan. Other intermediate points on the line mark the approximate dimensions of the *maria* and smaller craters of the moon.

If the Deep Bay crater was formed by an under-water impact, it belongs where it is on Dr. Gilvarry's graph. If, however, as the writers of the letter from La Jolla suggest, the crater was blasted out of bare rock, the depth of the crater deepens relative to the crater's diameter and the Deep Bay

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXIII



IS HUDSON'S BAY a meteorite crater? Dr. John Beals (above), director of Canada's Dominion Observatory in Ottawa, suspects that it may be. In fact, he has accumulated enough evidence (aerial photographs and gravity profiles) to justify a long range program of drilling through the bottom off the southeastern shore of the bay. Scientists of the Dominion government are confident of their theory to the point of making the drilling part of Canada's share of a global examination of earth's upper mantle.

A quiet and modest but determined Nova Scotian with excellent training in astrophysics (both a Ph.D. and an Sc.D. from the University of London), Dr. Beals followed the facts instead of the preconceptions of his time, persisting through discouragement and ridicule for a decade before it became established that Canada is pocked with craters dug ages ago by meteorites.

Work on the Canadian craters is based on a different mathematical formula from the one employed by Dr. John J. Gilvarry. Dr. Beals assumes that the craters he is looking into were blasted out of bare rock. He expects to find the bottom of Hudson's Bay extending beneath earth's crust into the mantle below.

Dr. Beals has never analyzed the prospects of a meteorite hit big enough to account for an ocean basin, but he says: "Observation of the so-called seas on the moon and the oceans of earth indicate enough similarities to make it reasonable to investigate the possibility of comparable origins."

—WILL JONATHAN.

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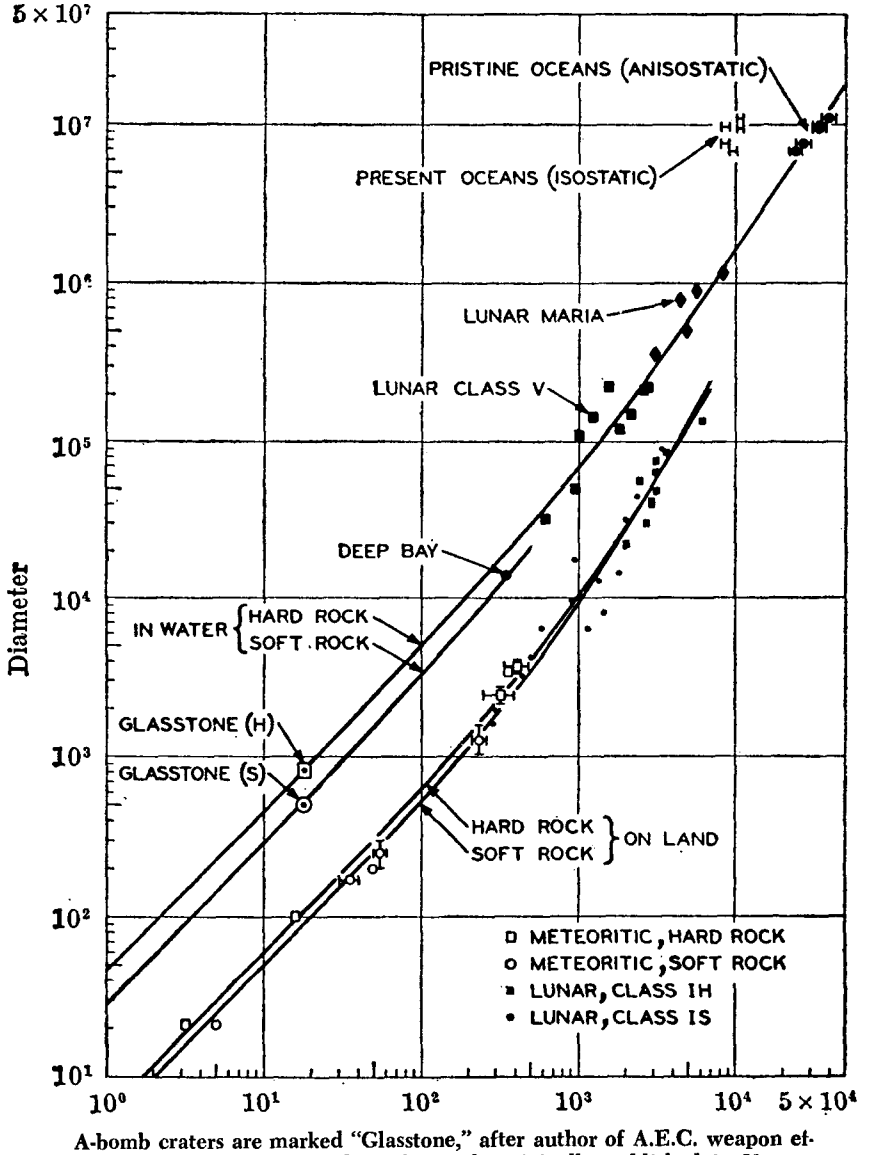
point moves away from Dr. Gilvarry's quadratic function line.

But the point representing Deep Bay could be removed and the line itself would remain unaffected *if the craters on the moon were formed under water.*

The seven signers of the letter from La Jolla defeat the educational purpose they profess when they make such statements as "Dr. Gilvarry's ideas about the moon's surface are simply not true." Dogmatism is the antithesis of the scientific method. The authenticating mark of the scientist is a willingness to keep an open mind in the face of uncertainty. At this point in time, no one knows, or possibly can know, whether Dr. Gilvarry's ideas about the moon are true or not. No one will know until men actually land on the moon and see what is there.

Dr. Gilvarry has practiced the scientific method in regard to this point, at least. His article in *SR* last November noted that his theory of the origin of earth's ocean basins lacked confirmation but that one experiment that might confirm or contradict him was the coming expedition to the moon. If the men who reach the moon should find signs of erosion of the surface by running streams, or if rock samples of the *maria* floor should include sediments, that would be evidence suggesting that there once was water on the moon. If, on the contrary, rock samples of the lunar *maria* floors should be composed of lava, then the evidence would indicate that the *maria* were not formed by underwater explosions.

Writing to *SR*'s Science Editor in response to the La Jolla letter, Dr. Gilvarry observes further that if it is shown that the *maria* were not created under water, it will still remain to be demonstrated how they were formed and what accounts for the quadratic function between their dimensions and the dimensions of underwater nuclear explosions here on earth. The mystery will not be solved; it will be deepened, and scientists will be obligated to pursue it.



A-bomb craters are marked "Glasstone," after author of A.E.C. weapon effects' handbook, in Dr. Gilvarry's graph, originally published in *Nature*.

IT might reasonably be argued that, rather than being "bad" education for readers, *SR*'s publication of the Gilvarry theory was good education along several lines. It reminded that man is dependent on his environment, and must respect it for the sake of his own survival and happiness. Also, it presented a theoretical idea that anyone can understand and related that familiar idea to two of the most intricate and difficult scientific experiments men ever have undertaken: the expedition to the moon, and the so-called Mohole Project, which involves drilling down to the meeting place of the crust and the mantle of the planet.

Anyone who knows what Dr. Gilvarry is trying to get at can immediately see a relationship between his theory and the Mohole Project. For the drilling to "the Moho" (short for Mohorovicic discontinuity, a break deduced from differing rates of travel of earthquake waves above and below it) will be done through the floor of the ocean instead of through a continent in order to take advantage of the heavy but thin bottom of the ocean basins.

Here again Dr. Gilvarry followed the traditional scientific method by describing ways in which his theory might be subjected to practical test. If the earth cores brought up by the Mohole drill should show shattered conelike rock and chemicals such as coesite that are formed only under enormous pressures, then the ocean basins indeed could be said to have been created by meteoritic intrusion and explosion.

Growth of the continents by whatever mechanism (incidentally, if that mechanism is well understood, it is time for someone to explain it clearly), the apparently volcanic upward thrusting of the mid-Atlantic Ridge, the vast undersea blister known as the East Pacific Rise all could have happened in the last 3,000,000,000 years without denying Dr. Gilvarry's theory. Whether the slope of the ocean basins is (as Dr. Gilvarry wrote) precipitous or merely steep (as Professor Wilson wrote in "The Earth as a Planet") is a semantical, not a scientific, question. The same can be said of the defining of circularity. And although the Andesite line (which Dr. Gilvarry thinks may be the remaining relic of the adjoining rims of two ancient meteorite craters forming the Pacific) is dismissed by the seven eminent men from La Jolla, the equally eminent British oceanographer, Dr. T. F. Gaskell, says the Andesite line "certainly appears to separate the true ocean from the continent that borders it."

It is paradoxical that the La Jolla challenge of hypotheses relating to

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meteorite effects should come at a time when the Russians are preparing to simulate meteorite hits by firing rockets into earth's interior. The Canadians already are engaged in an extensive earth-drilling program founded on the idea that Hudson's Bay, among other depressions north of the Great Lakes, may have been dug by a meteorite. Dr. Gilvarry's theory is only one step upward in grandeur.

If the Gilvarry theory had been described in these pages by any words other than "new," "hypothesis" and "theory," *SR*'s Science Editor might plead guilty to over-enthusiasm for an exciting conception. If he had not obtained the assurance of respected geophysicists that dissemination of the Gilvarry hypotheses would be a healthy stimulus for students of the history of the earth, there might be cause for twinging conscience. As matters stand he can only confess puzzlement. Does science gain stature in the public mind from an attack on the competence or motives of an established physicist like Dr. Gilvarry, whose studies of the temperatures of earth's interior are among the standard references in the scientific literature? Does science win confidence in laymen's eyes when doubts are cast on the judgment of editors of scientific journals such as *Nature*? Is it reassuring to anyone to read an objection by seven very well informed scientists against the publication in popular form of a theory that had been published in scientific form almost a year earlier and had not been questioned in any scientific journal or forum during the intervening months? How long are new ideas to be withheld from the people, and for what reasons?

The practitioners of science cannot expect to have it both ways. If they wish to continue being supported from the public purse, they must be willing to share the knowledge they glean with those whose taxes pay the bills. They cannot lock up new ideas until they can find the time to sort them out and give them blessing. The lay citizen is no longer the gullible person he once was, in any case, and he can be trusted to exercise some judgment of his own. The one thing he is not likely to tolerate for long is being told what to think and when to begin thinking it.

A history lesson may be appropriate here. The great Galileo left the protection of the Republic of Venice in the year 1610 because "it is impossible to obtain wages from a republic, however splendid and generous it may be, without having duties attached." Consequently, he ended his days as a prisoner of the Pope, humiliated, blind, and helpless.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

AUDITING CANCER RESEARCH

Two Physicians Look at the Record

By OSLER L. PETERSON, M.D. and H. JACK GEIGER, M.D.

NOTHING COULD be more desirable than a continuation of major and intensive research into the nature, causes and control of cancer. Nothing could be more desirable than a major effort to increase public understanding of cancer and cancer research. The American Cancer Society, which is deeply involved in both, has been quick to recognize that they are related. Yet few pronouncements could be as damaging to either cause as the unqualified statement (in the letter to *SR* from Lane W. Adams, executive vice president of the American Cancer Society) that "today one in three who get cancer are cured."

This claim is made frequently, without further explanation or qualification, by spokesmen for the American Cancer Society and by many others. It is, in a narrow sense, "true" and yet deeply misleading. It suggests to the average reader that if he develops cancer—*any* type of cancer—he has a 1-in-3 chance of "cure" (which really means being alive five years after diagnosis, not necessarily free of cancer).

The 1-in-3 figure conceals, rather than clarifies, a simple truth. If a patient develops one type of neoplasm, say basal-cell cancer of the skin, he has a very high chance of survival; but if he develops a different type of cancer (for example, squamous-cell carcinoma of the lung) he has a very low chance of survival. If the highly curable forms of cancer are more common, the overall ratio will work out to one in three. This is small comfort to the man with cancer of the lung; and, in any case, the higher prevalence of more curable forms of cancer is hardly the result of the efforts of researchers, whether supported by the American Cancer Society or any other agency.

For a closer look at the real risks facing a cancer patient, we can turn to some very carefully compiled figures published recently by the National Cancer Institute on "End Results and Mortality Trends in Cancer." In selected (and carefully studied) areas of the United States, this report shows, there were 6,698 men who developed basal-cell carcinoma of the skin between 1950 and 1957. Of these, 71 per cent were alive five years later; the odds are thus not 1-in-3 but 7-in-10. Even without any treatment, 63 per cent were alive five years later! Of those who died, some would have died anyway, of causes other than cancer; when allowance is made for this, it can be shown that the increase in risk of death among men with this type of tumor is only eight per cent, or roughly 1-in-12.

But suppose a patient develops cancer of the lung. The NCI figures show that only 2,341 men in the population under study developed this tumor in 1950-1957. Of these unfortunates, only 7 per cent were alive five years later. Of those whose lung cancers presumably were diagnosed early, and who had the most successful form of treatment (surgery), only 16 per cent survived five years. The increased risk of dying among men with this tumor was 92 per cent.

Nor has the situation improved radically over the past twenty years, despite the vastly increased scope and pace of cancer research. The following table, drawn from the NCI figures, shows the survival rates for various types of cancer among patients in Connecticut (one of the two states in which careful data have been recorded over this period of time) during the 1940s and the 1950s:

Type of Cancer	Relative Survival Rates for Men		Relative Survival Rates for Women	
	1940s	1950s	1940s	1950s
Stomach	9	13	7	12
Large Intestine	28	38	33	44
Esophagus	1	3	5	–
Lung and bronchus	3	6	53	55
Breast	–	–	26	32
Ovary	–	–	5	9

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

HAMLET'S LOW-SPEED COMPUTER

His Father's Ghost Gave a Murderous Answer to the Wrong Question

AN historic conversation took place recently at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, Mass. The principal exchanges were between Elting E. Morison, M.I.T. Professor of Industrial History, and Norbert Wiener, the father of cybernetics, an Institute Professor and Emeritus Professor of Mathematics at M.I.T. They and others who joined the discussion are identified as they speak in the edited transcript below:

ELTING E. MORISON: In the play with which you are all familiar, Hamlet had a problem which he defined for himself as follows: What had happened to the late King of Denmark and what should he, Hamlet, do about it? Framing the question accurately—a good program—he took it to a ghost—the most sophisticated mechanism in the late sixteenth century for giving answers to hard questions. From the ghost he got back a very detailed reply, which included a recommendation for a specific course of action. Responding to these advices, Hamlet created a political, social, moral, and administrative mess that was simply hair-raising.

The trouble was that he had got the right answer—the answer he deserved—to a question that was totally wrong. He had asked about his father when, as any psychologist will tell you, he should have asked about himself and his relations with his mother.

It is much harder to ask the right question than it is to find the right answer to the wrong question.

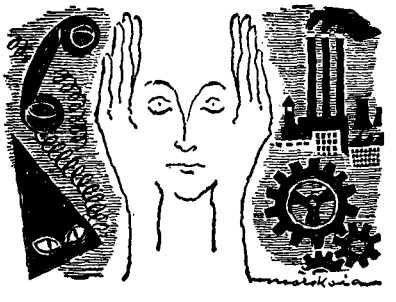
Some of you, like some of my students, may say that Hamlet is only a play, so what does it prove? I therefore shall give you some further evidence about questions and answers taken from real history.

We asked ourselves once, in the first days of the Republic, what a Negro was really worth and came up in the Constitution with the answer that he was worth three-fifths of a white man. Somewhat later we asked ourselves how to increase the income of the average citizen and decided the answer was to coin silver at a rate of sixteen to one. And still later we asked how we could limit the arms race between Britain and us, and worked out the answer that for every British light cruiser we could have one and four-tenths American heavy cruisers. About the same time we asked ourselves how to make the nation "self-sustaining," and arrived at the answer of the Smoot-Hawley tariff which set an average ad valorem rate of forty and one-tenth per cent for all schedules.

You will know, I am sure, that all of these answers caused us very real trouble of one kind or another. They did so because the questions they were designed to answer were framed in a wrong interpretation of events, a false conception of the actual problem. The answers supplied therefore gave the wrong solutions. They represented collectively what Ramsey MacDonald said of one of them: "an attempt to clothe unreality in the garb of mathematical reality."

Having spoken of Hamlet, by way of illustration, I will speak of him again. I remember two things my engineer-type students have said in explanation of his behavior. First, he had too much feedback in his circuits, and second, he was sixteen and two-thirds per cent efficient, because he had one person to kill and he killed six.

What I want to suggest here is the persistent human temptation to make life more explicable by making it more calculable; to put experience into some logical scheme that, by its order and niceness, will make what happens seem more understandable, analysis more bearable, decision simpler. When you talk of one and four-tenths of a cruiser, you can hope you have solved the underlying diplomatic issue you haven't dared to raise; when you pass a tariff with average rates of forty and one-tenth per cent ad valorem to make a nation self-sustaining, you can assume that you do not have to look further for the causes of the worst depression in the nation's history—to which, incidentally, you have just contributed by passing the tariff.



I am not trying to suggest that the computer will soon bring us all under the cloak of mathematical reality. But today the tendency to work with quantifiable elements and logical systems seems to me accelerating. This is quite obviously all to the good. The aim of pure reason, which proceeds upon measurable quantities, is, presumably, to introduce increasing order and system into the randomness of life. However, I have the apprehension that as time goes by we may begin to lose somewhat our sense of the significance of the qualitative elements in a situation—such things as the loyalties, memories, affections, and feelings men bring to any situation, things which make situations more messy but, for men, more real. My apprehension is that the computer, which feeds on quantifiable data, may give too much aid and comfort to those who think you can learn all the important things in life by breaking experience down into its measurable parts.

What I want to do, first, is to find out all there is to find out about the computer. In my cursory researches I have been told a great many different things by people who have at least thought more about it than I: that it is and always will be simply an idiot doing what it is told to do; that it can now design fractional horsepower motors and electrical circuits; that it can already throw old data into new combinations—introduce intellectual surprise; that it may some day write a sonata; and that, if we can get enough vacuum tubes hooked up right (10,000,000,000 is the figure), we cannot exclude the possibility that it may feel its own emotion and have a will of its own.

In any case the computer is here, and no doubt it is going to develop. Everybody, or almost everybody, seems a little uneasy about this, and why not? This is man's first encounter outside himself with something that is exactly like some inside part of himself. It is not, as many other machines have been, like his arms or hands or legs in the work it does; it is like him. How much like him we do not yet know. But regardless of what happens in the future, we have already made a machine that simulates some part, a small part, of what we alone have been able to do in the past by thinking. Even this small advance begins to raise the large ques-

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tion we have succeeded so often in avoiding—as Hamlet did for instance. What is in fact our true image, what is our real likeness?

To assist us in examining this question, I propose that we explore the machine in a series of experiments. I suggest the machine be asked to reconstrue a series of situations out of the past—situations taken from my own culture—in which men have acted most successfully on their own. One could begin with simple things—the successful relocation of a factory—and work up through, let us say, the Army and Navy decision on how to use the airplane against the submarine, and then on to the most interesting situations—our method of limiting trusts and cartels as revealed in the Sherman Act and its subsequent modifying judicial interpretations, or the miracle of Queen Elizabeth I's foreign policy. For each of these situations, I suggest a series of experimental programs—leaving some things out, adding some things, practicing ways to code things that seem uncodable, and so forth—to test various hypotheses and understandings by repeated trials against what may be called the real situation.

A program designed from evidence taken from the record of six or eight different revolutions might well be useful in the attempt to discover how to control common elements—both the stabilizing and the disrupting—that operate in all revolutions, including the one we are in today. Or a program put to a computer on the problems of underdeveloped regions that are now developing under the energy of technology might well include data collected from the history of other regions that have passed through this stage of experience.

Whatever difficulties or defects there may be in these particular proposals, I am told a beginning of some sort could be made in the direction I suggest, and I hope it will be, for several reasons.

First, a good many people would have to learn some history—which is a good thing.

Second, it would be a way to capitalize on the ancient truth that fools persisting in their folly learn wisdom. We could acquire understanding of the uses of the machine without danger in a time of controlled trial and error.

Third, the machine would therefore become not so much a problem solver as a learning machine, which is today in fashion. Used as suggested, it would force us, again without danger, out from behind the silly or distracting questions we like to ask to the real questions we have to ask—and teach us to ask them more correctly. It would thus help us to sort out the things that can be thought from the things that can only be felt, and advance a little of our understanding of how much feeling goes into what we call thinking. Perhaps some of the things we now classify as feeling may turn out to be more identifiable and explicitly definable, as the work of Freud indeed suggests, than we think. But if not, if they cannot be programmed as they say, at least by this exercise we may well find out more about their meaning and influence.

For some, this assault by mechanism upon what e. e. cummings calls the single secret that is still man will be distasteful and to some appalling. It is not to me. If man working experimentally can learn more about himself from something he invented, can learn who he is, and who he is not, then he will have learned enough, I should think, to use himself, as well as the machine that simulates him, more wisely.

NORBERT WIENER. I want to say something more about the learning machine, because I think that both the greatest part of the difficulties which we have been discussing and the greatest part of the possibilities for relieving these difficulties lie in this machine. One form of it can play checkers.

Now it is possible to play checkers with machines that are not learning machines. It is possible to write down at any stage of a game all the successive moves that are legally possible for the next stage; to rank them on a scale of values involving loss of pieces, mobility, control, and many other factors (I believe about fifteen factors have been considered in one game); and then to give these factors certain weightings, established at the beginning. If you were to play against this machine, you would feel a rigid personality. (If you play correspondence checkers or chess, whether with a machine or a person, you do acquire a feeling for the personality opposed to you.) When a rigid personality makes a blunder, it always repeats the same blunder in the same situation.

A machine with a less rigid personality can be achieved as follows. The machine plays as before, but now keeps a record of all plays made and all games played. At intervals it is run in a different way. Instead of evaluating moves in terms of a fixed scale of evaluation, it evaluates the scale of evaluation in terms of the games played. It determines which scale of evaluation would have led to wins more assuredly than any other. The machine, having determined which scale of evaluation would have been most conducive to winning, adopts it for further play. That is learning.

Such a machine has been developed by Arthur Samuel of IBM. At first the machine was able to defeat Samuel fairly consistently. Later on he learned a little more checkers and was able to defeat the machine more often. Even though Samuel caught up, there is always the possibility that the machine may catch up again later with more sophisticated programming.

The fact that a machine can defeat the man who programmed it means the man does not have completely effective control over it. If he did, he would not let it beat him. This is very important. Such a machine could be very useful in certain decision situations. It could be used to play games other than checkers: the business game, the war game, and the game of determining when to press the button for Armageddon—for the thermonuclear war.

What you have here is a situation not unlike that found in the folk tale, "The Monkey's Paw," told by W. W. Jacobs of England at the beginning of the century. An old soldier returns from India to visit a friend. He has with him a talisman that he says has the ability to grant three wishes to each of three people. The first owner of the talisman had taken the first set of three wishes, two unknown to the soldier, but the third one for death. That is how the soldier became owner. The soldier took the second set of wishes for himself, but declines to talk about them. His experiences were too terrible. One set of wishes remains. With considerable reluctance the soldier yields to his friend's request for the talisman. The friend's first wish is for £200, and an official of the company where his son is employed comes in to tell him that his son has been crushed in the machinery. As a solatium, but without any admission of responsibility, the company has granted the father £200. The next wish is that the boy be back, and his mutilated ghost appears knocking at the door; the third wish is that the ghost go away.

The point is that magic is terribly literal-minded. It will give you what you ask for, not what you should have asked for, nor necessarily what you

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want. This will most certainly be true about learning machines. If you do not put into the programming the restrictive conditions that you do not want, £200 at the cost of having your son ground up in the machinery, you cannot expect the machine to think of these conditions itself.

"The Monkey's Paw" suggests a very real danger of the learning machine. The danger of these machines is greater than that of the simple computing machine, because you do not set down for it the tactics of the policy but only the strategy. You let the tactics work themselves out from the experience of the machine. The machine acquires a nature based on its experience.

The importance of learning machines is not how they act as pure machines, but how they interact with society. We thus are led to the concept of a system involving both human actions and machines. Is there any way in such a system to transfer values from the human being to the machine?

In a general, imperfect sense there is. Suppose you build a machine to translate a language. The value of the translation is a human value. The value depends upon whether people reading the translation will interpret it with the same meaning as the original. It is conceivable that you might attain a value system by having a complete logical code of translations, a superperfect grammar, but this would not be a really profitable way to proceed. Instead, you would have the machine do exercises, just as a human pupil does exercises. These exercises would be marked by a teacher who possesses human values. The machine would modify itself based on these marks, just as the checker-playing machine modifies itself based on its prior wins. It is at least theoretically possible to transfer values from the human being to the machine in such man-machine organizations. I think that the possibility of reducing human values is of great importance, but in itself has dangers, too.

I am reminded of the game of Russian roulette. At various times, in remote barracks and posts, officers have played this game of putting one bullet into their revolvers, spinning the chamber, and pulling the trigger, either at themselves or somebody else. This is obviously a means of expressing aggressive impulses either against oneself or against one's opponent. It is obviously a form of masochism or sadism. It is permissible, however, because one man has removed final responsibility for the act from himself, put it in the machine, and left it to chance. If he kills the other man, he has provided himself with a way (in his mind) of reducing his responsibility from what we ordinarily associate with murder to what we associate with manslaughter. He can blame chance.

This is very much like the game that is often played when a prisoner is taken before a firing squad. Each man in the firing squad has his rifle loaded with several blank cartridges and a single bullet. The result is that the men are more willing to fire because of the overwhelming likelihood that they will not kill the prisoner. This is a way of avoiding responsibility.

I am certain that a great deal of the use of gadgets for decisions, as it exists now and as it may exist even more in the future, is motivated by this desire to avoid direct responsibility. I am sure that a lot of the subdivision of effort in secret projects and highly compartmented projects has the same motive. The subordinate does not know enough about the project to feel responsibility, and the man in charge can place responsibility with the system. I believe that one of the greatest dangers at the present time has to do with the attempt to avoid responsibility in order to avoid the feeling of guilt.

M. L. Minsky. I should like to address a remark to Professor Morison. You look back at history as a professional historian and see a continual sequence of successful adjustments to dreadful or complicated gadgets. I, as an antihistorian, look back at history and see the most horrible sequence of disasters, with billions of people (or at least millions, before the population reached the precarious state at which it could be billions) being wiped out every few hundred years in virtually every culture. I do not get the impression of mankind's being capable of surviving even minor dislocations. It happens that a number of people seem to survive these disasters and start over, but I cannot see the flow of history as a neat adaptation to innovations.

Morison. I hope that I said (and I think I did) that we find it easier to live with machines than with each other. I think this is true. I think the disasters which you refer to were frequently not caused so much by machines directly as by our failure to accommodate to our fellow man.

M. P. Hnilicka. One of the basic problems of history and of mankind is that all our thinking and philosophy are based on a static situation. We always assume that the way things are now in their static form is actually the right representation. Would the panel be so kind as to comment on whether the machine might help us interpret future stability, not from the static point of view, but from the dynamic point of view, so that we cannot just catch up but actually predict?

Wiener. The machine might help. It is true not only that the equilibrium of society must be dynamic, but that its possible breakdown must be dynamic, too. If we have a catastrophe, the final catastrophe, it probably will not be because our world has broken down statically, but because, as the engineers would put it, the transients have reached the explosive point. The idea of a dynamic equilibrium must be supplemented by the idea of a dynamic unequilibrium and a dynamic collapse. These also can be studied to some extent on the machine.

N. Beecher. The training of a person in values takes anywhere from twenty-one to fifty years, depending on where the person is reared, before he is judged worthy to make a decision. Is there any reason to suppose that we could reduce the time with a learning machine? Also, how are we going to get the input? Are we going to send the learning machine to Sunday school, and then during the week teach it not to take what it learned too seriously, as we do with our children?

Wiener. With respect to breadth and depth of learning, man will be far superior to any machine that we are likely to see for a long, long time, very likely for all time. One of the advantages of the machine, however, is its ability to work faster and do many things in the same time that a man does relatively few.

Morison. I should like to ask Professor Wiener to talk a little further about how value can be programmed.

Wiener. Consider a translating machine. You grade it on its translation and use this grade to modify the translating program, just as you use the past performance of a checker-playing machine to change the machine's playing of checkers—perhaps assigning 1 for winning and 0 for losing. In this way you teach the human values of what a good translation is to the machine.

You can transfer values from one machine to another in a similar way. This ability is really very important. It makes possible a self-reproducing machine that will make other machines in its own image. There is a definite mathematical theory supporting this possibility. We can use one machine

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to condition a second to have the same effect that the original does. And there are still other modes of interaction possible between machines. We can have criticism, and this criticism can be used to transfer values. This needs to be worked out in much greater detail, but it is the only promising way that I see for making a translating machine that will be any good.

MORISON. It would be fun to program the Book of Job on a machine that has made another machine in its own image and see how the relationship between God and man works out.

WIENER. In the machine that makes another machine in its own image you have the Book of Genesis, not the Book of Job. You have essentially the Book of Job in the checker-playing machine where a man plays a game with his own creation.

J. MCCARTHY. In Professor Wiener's parable we have a magic paw that will grant wishes, and we supposedly have no idea just how it does this. But it seems to me that the computer engineer who designs a magic amulet probably does have some notion of how it is going to treat our particular wishes. If you want to insert some values, then you must convince the engineer.

WIENER. The point is that it is extremely difficult to insert the whole value system at the beginning. It generally will develop from continued interaction. You may ask, "Why can't we make the learning machine 'safe'?" The answer is that "safe" is a human value, and the machine cannot very easily state what safe is without reference to man. For example, if you have a machine for programming atomic war, there is no reason why the machine should care whether the human race is completely burnt up or not.

Another point is that since we do not have full control over the learning machine, as illustrated by the checker-playing machine's defeating the man who programmed it, the unsafe act may not show its danger until it is too late to do anything about it. It is possible to turn the machine off, but how are we to know when to turn it off? You cannot make a perfectly safe learning machine.

L. C. CLAPP. There is no doubt that the computer is here to stay. You may be correct in your gloom and your prognostications that we may all blow up because we have computers. But I wonder if there is not some middle ground?

WIENER. Obviously there is a middle ground. We have to make every effort to understand for ourselves what the dangers are, and this points up a fundamental thing about computers: They involve more thought, not less thought.

S. F. GRISOFF. I wonder if the panel feels that man can ultimately build machines which will exhibit an intelligence basically different from human intelligence.

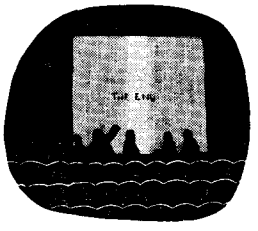
WIENER. My hunch is that for quick action over a limited scope, the machine can be made better than the man. For higher logical-type judgments, for vague ideas, and for a large class of other things, the machine is a long way from competing with the brain.

J. LOWEN. Would it help us to remember the difference between intelligence and wisdom? The machine might help our intelligence, but as of now it has no bearing on our wisdom.

WIENER. This is connected with the question of logical type. Primitive statements—statements about one or two things—we shall call intelligence. Statements about statements will be more nearly wisdom. Statements about statements about statements will be even more nearly wisdom.

MORISON. In this country, historically, Presidents and their cabinets have made decisions within a context of what they knew society would let them do. Examples are the prosecutions of trusts in the first ten years of this century, and the Monroe Doctrine. Society had enough general evidence available to gather out of the air an attitude within which the President had to operate. In the future, it may be increasingly difficult on certain kinds of very important questions to have that information available, so that in a sense men will be acting much more irresponsibly.

WIENER. There is something here that is analogous to a biological problem. A society in which those in control cannot act effectively is suffering from paralysis; a society in which those in control do not get sufficient feedback of the consequences of their actions is suffering from ataxia, which is just about as bad. If a man can move his muscles perfectly well, but cannot get any report from his sensory organs on what his muscles are doing, he is just about as badly off as if he were paralyzed.



An adaptation from "Management and the Computer of the Future," edited by Martin Greenberger, © by Massachusetts Institute of Technology (John Wiley and Sons—The M.I.T. Press, $6)

THOR HEYERDAHL'S
scientific documentation for the best seller Aku-Aku

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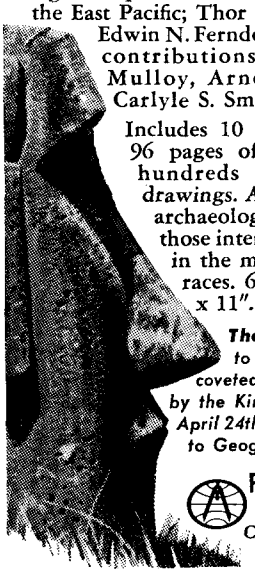

***Thor Heyerdahl** is to be awarded the coveted VEGA MEDAL by the King of Sweden on April 24th for contributions to Geographical Science.*

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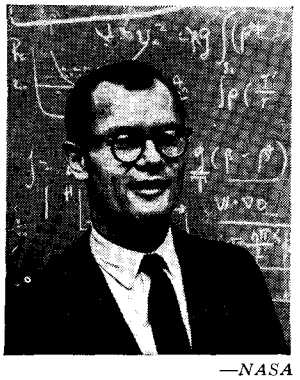

—NASA

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Out of earth's atmosphere to look at the earth. And out there the planet seems like quite a different place. Even the robots can sense the change. First the sphere with which we become familiar in the schoolbooks turns into a turnip, with a bulging waist. Then the north pole stretches up and the south pole flattens out to form a pear. Later, other and smaller ridges appear, circling the globe in a most wobbly arrangement. The picture story of what the satellites see in their orbiting was recently highlighted in the Wright Brothers Lecture by Dr. Robert Jastrow, head of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. A modified version of that account is given below, as it may be heard at the Institute's first summer seminar at Columbia University in July. Three hundred and fifty students from forty-one of the United

By ROBERT JASTROW
Goddard Institute of Space Studies

EXPLORATION of the space outside earth's atmosphere is, somewhat paradoxically, teaching us new things about the inside of our planet. This comes about in the following way:

A satellite of the earth moves in its orbit around the earth under the attraction of earth's gravity, and the precise shape of the orbit is determined by the detailed nature of the gravitational field. The gravitational field depends on the distribution of mass within the earth, and this in turn reflects the internal structure of the planet.

To a high degree of approximation, the earth has a spherical shape, and attracts the satellite with the gravitational force of a single point of mass located at the earth's center of gravity. Under the attraction of this mass point, the satellite moves in an ellipse whose plane keeps a constant direction in space, like a fixed hoop in the sky.

Actually, the spherical shape of the earth is flattened at the poles and bulges somewhat at the equator, under the influence of the centrifugal force produced by the rotation of the earth on its axis. If the earth is relatively plastic, as may be expected under the conditions of high temperature and pressure prevailing within its interior, then we may make a very precise calculation of the height of the bulge at the equator. The equatorial bulge is usually expressed in these calculations in terms of the fractional difference between the polar and equatorial radii, which is referred to as the flattening ratio. If we assume a plastic earth, the calculations give us a flattening ratio of 1/299.8, which corresponds to an equatorial bulge about thirteen miles high.

This bulge exerts an additional force of attraction on the satellite each time the satellite passes over the equator, pulling the trajectory out of line to a slight degree on every pass, and causing the plane of the orbit to rotate slowly in space at a rate which depends on the size of the bulge. The rate of rotation of the plane of the orbit can be measured with high accuracy through analysis of the tracking data.

In this country, analyses of the orbital rotation have been carried out largely by John A. O'Keefe, William M. Kaula and their associates at the Goddard Space Flight Center, by Yoshida Kozai at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, and most recently by R. R. Newton at the Johns Hopkins Applied Physics Laboratory. Their results indicate a flattening ratio of $1/(298.2 \pm 0.2)$, or an equatorial bulge 200 feet higher than had been supposed.

Thus there is a discrepancy between actual observations by the satellites and the assumptions that had been drawn from the belief that the earth was in hydrostatic equilibrium (behaving, that is, like a liquid, with no internal strength to resist relative forces exerted upon it). The observations indicate that the interior of the earth is not in hydrostatic equilibrium, that the planet is not perfectly plastic. Instead, the earth appears to possess mechanical strength within itself, sufficient to maintain its shape against the forces which departure from hydrostatic equilibrium must exert where the mantle of the earth meets the earth's core. O'Keefe has compared the internal strength required for this purpose to the stability of a brick wall.

Some geophysicists believe that the burden just described could be supported dynamically rather than statically. They suppose the existence of convection cells within the mantle of the planet, which circulate slowly and, in the course of millions of years, carry heat from earth's interior to the surface and then flow down again upon cooling, as happens in a household radiator. Where two such cells meet, there could be a piling up of the earth's mass. However, it is difficult to conceive such a process creating a symmetrical globe-circling distortion such as the equatorial bulge.

These results on the figure of the earth carry interesting implications regarding the planet's history. The pull of the moon on the earth raises tides in the seas, with amplitudes of many feet, as well as smaller tides in the mantle of the earth, with amplitudes of a few inches at the earth's surface. The dissipation of energy in the friction produced by these tidal motions gradually slows down the earth's rotation. The current rate of change of the length of the day is about one second in 100,000 years. We calculate this rate of change from ancient records of observation of eclipses, which would have had to take place at impossible times if the length of the day long ago had been identical to the length of our present day.

Since the equatorial bulge of the earth now is 200 feet higher than had been calculated from pre-satellite data, the shape of the earth now must be the shape assumed in response to centrifugal force ages back when the planet was spinning faster. So we apply what we know about the rate of shortening of the day to the gravity observations of the satellite Vanguard I. We find that the earth's shape today corresponds to the shape the earth would have had if the planet had been in hydrostatic equilibrium when the day was about twenty-three and a half hours long. Thus it appears that the mantle of the earth, though not perfectly plastic, is sufficiently plastic to respond to changing stresses associated with the slowing down of the earth; yet it has enough internal strength to cause the response to lag behind current conditions by about 50,000,000 years.

In addition to the discrepancy in polar flattening, there are departures of the geoid (gravitational shape of the

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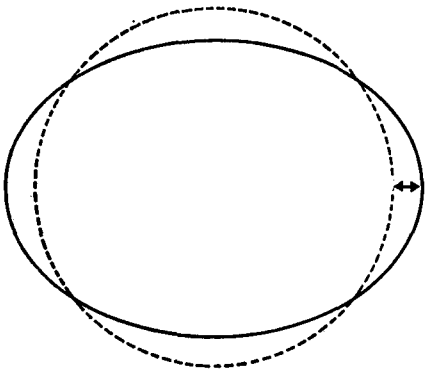
States, Mexico and Canada applied for the opportunity to learn about interplanetary space through Dr. Jastrow's summer course. Fifty who offered straight A grades as passports were accepted. For four straight weeks, five days a week, they will absorb two hour lectures in the mornings and spend the afternoons solving problems relating to the stars and the planets and the electrical sea between. Below is your chance to anticipate them.

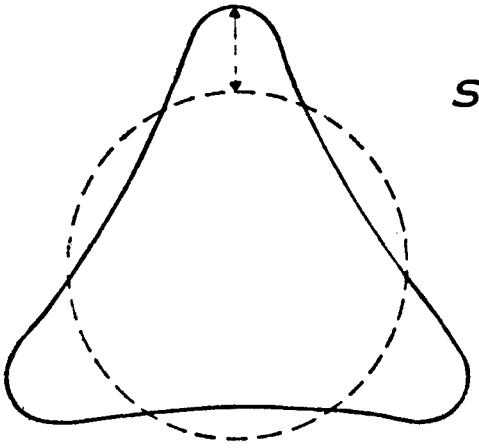
earth) from the shape of hydrostatic equilibrium. These departures, which have also been determined primarily from analysis of the Vanguard I orbit, include third, fourth and fifth harmonics in the expansion of the gravitational field. The term harmonic is used mathematically as it is in music, in this instance to distinguish increasingly complex but regular variations in a pattern. The first harmonic here is an ideal sphere. The second harmonic is the equatorial bulge already mentioned. The third harmonic imposes a slight pearlike configuration, with a fifty-foot bump for the stem at the north pole and a fifty-foot mound running around the bottom of the planet. The fourth harmonic adds two smaller (thirty-three-foot) ridges at somewhat different locations than those previously designated, and the fifth harmonic puts three more and still smaller (six-foot) refinements into the figure.

The magnitude of these undulations in the geoid, i.e., the departures from the ideal figure of hydrostatic equilibrium, are shown in the accompanying sketches. None of the departures seems significant in comparison with the radius of the earth (3,950 miles) or even in comparison with the topographic irregularities on the surface (i.e., the continents, which theoretical studies indicate have no relation to the harmonics). Nevertheless, the harmonics are of very great significance to the student of the earth's interior because they represent actual variations in the gravitational field, which are related to the entire distribution of mass within the planet. For example, the fifty-foot amplitude of the third harmonic means either that there is an excess of mass under the north pole or that there is some other more complicated variation of the mass distribution in the mantle sufficient to draw up the level of the sea by fifty feet over an area comparable in size to the Atlantic Ocean.

OUR WOBBLY EARTH



Second Harmonic



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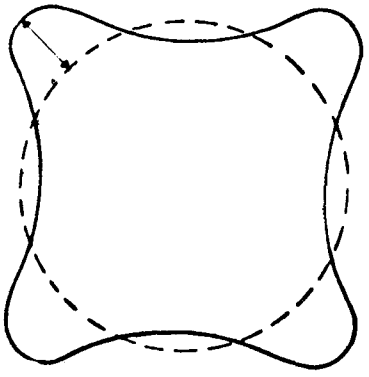
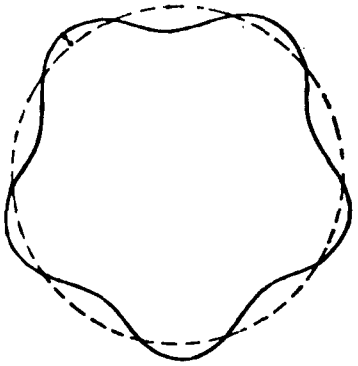


Fourth Harmonic



Fifth Harmonic

THE PERFECT SPHERE (first harmonic) we visualize in thinking of earth actually has bumps shown in exaggerated vertical cross-section sketches.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

PRESCRIPTION MEDICINE

JOHN LEAR'S ARTICLE, "The Struggle for Control of Drug Prescriptions" (March 3) is one of the finest pieces of journalism ever to find its way into the pages of *Saturday Review*. I hope that the keepers of the journalistic conscience (Pulitzer committee, etc.) will see fit to reward John Lear as the writer of the "Best article of 1962."

DAVID ANTMAN
Forest Hills, N.Y.

MAY I OFFER my personal appreciation for the insight and courage the *Saturday Review* evidenced in publishing John Lear's very fine article on "The Struggle for Control of Drug Prescriptions."

It's coverage like this that continues to win the respect and affection of us in the communications field, who fully understand the potentials for both good and deception that might be practiced in bringing products to the public marketplace . . . and who insist upon marketing and advertising in terms of the public good.

Keep up the good work.

MILTON GARFIELD, President,
Garfield-Linn and Co.
Chicago, Ill.

CONGRATULATIONS on another superb piece in the March 3 issue.

FREDERICK J. STARE, M.D.,
Chairman,
Department of Nutrition,
Harvard School of Public Health
Cambridge, Mass.

I WANT TO EXPRESS my appreciation as a physician and as a private citizen for the fine work being performed by John Lear. It is very reassuring to know that a man of his ability is engaged in correcting some of the indignities generated by members of the medical profession. Your magazine is and has always been a source of stimulation for me. I hope that the American Medical Association officers take time to read Mr. Lear's articles and possibly consider doing something about some of the problems that he has exposed.

KENNETH R. MCKENZIE, M.D.
Redlands, Calif.

AS A FOURTH YEAR MEDICAL student at the University of Pennsylvania, I have read with great interest many of your articles concerning the drug industry, including your most recent article. I want only to say that I, and many of my friends, are most appreciative of your work in this field. It is a vital work from which we, and ultimately our patients, benefit greatly.

I might even go so far as to say that I think that if physicians were to read the *Saturday Review* as faithfully as they do the editorial page of the J.A.M.A. [Journal of the American Medical Association] we would be better physicians.

THOMAS A. PRESTON
Philadelphia, Pa.

WE ARE OF the related medical profession, dentistry. We know just enough and we see just enough to be critical. But we are always just enough removed to be impersonal. When we are excluded from the title doctor with the term, "doctors and dentists," we are made a bit angry but perhaps this has its advantages. We have always been free enough to include or exclude certain medical practices. We sincerely and seriously believe in maintaining good health. But, somehow, we have lately been sensing that what passes as the practice of medicine by our personal friends of the medical profession is not it. The social conversations we often have with M.D.s are something less than intellectual; rather, our questions are usually met with

A Clarification

SOME *SR* readers have drawn an inference from last month's report on "The Struggle for Control of Drug Prescriptions" which *SR*'s Science Editor, as writer of the report, did not intend to imply. This has to do with Mr. Joseph Borkin, an attorney of Washington, D.C.

Through circumstances recited in last month's report, Mr. Borkin for a short time ending in the year 1950 was half owner of the Washington Institute of Medicine. The Institute published quarterly abstracts of medical research papers, including a quarterly covering psychiatry. In 1950, the Institute experienced financial difficulties and Mr. Borkin went to New York to try to relieve the situation by obtaining advertisements for the Institute's journals. At the William Douglas McAdams advertising agency, he found the dominant partner, Dr. Arthur Sackler, to be a psychiatrist. Mr. Borkin himself was a student of the history of psychiatry. As such he saw the possible prestige that might accrue from a proposal Dr. Sackler made to him. The proposal was that the editorial offices of the psychiatric journal of the Washington Institute of Medicine be moved from Washington to the New York clinic of Dr. J. H. Van Ophuijsen, one of the few then living men who had been an immediate pupil of Sigmund Freud. The address of the Van Ophuijsen clinic was 15 East 62nd Street in Manhattan, present-day headquarters of Dr. Arthur Sackler and his two brothers, Drs. Mortimer and Raymond, also psychiatrists.

Not long after Mr. Borkin's visit to Dr. Arthur Sackler, the psychiatric journal of the Washington Institute of Medicine *(Journal of Clinical and Experimental Psychopathology)* did move to New York. Dr. Arthur Sackler became editor-in-chief. Along with his name on the editorial masthead appeared the names of his two brothers, Drs. Mortimer and Raymond, and an old employe of the international division of the McAdams ad agency, Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez, whose subsequent autobiographical writings say he lost "all worldly possessions" in flight from Spain during the civil war of the 1930s. Also listed on the editorial board, among tens of distinguished men of medicine, was Mr. Borkin.

Note was made of this listing of Mr. Borkin's name in last month's *SR* report. Some readers have read into the notation a suggestion that Mr. Borkin actively participated in editorial or other decisions of the journal or of MD Publications, Inc., the organization to which ownership of all the Washington Institute of Medicine journals was transferred from Mr. Borkin and his original partner, Dr. Henry Klaunberg, through Mrs. Mary Seigel, an attorney, and Mr. Louis Goldburt, an accountant, of 1440 Broadway in New York. U.S. Senator Estes Kefauver's drug investigation produced no evidence of any such participation on the part of Mr. Borkin from the time his name was placed on the masthead of the *Journal of Clinical and Experimental Psychopathology* until his name was dropped in 1954.

Instead of being welcomed into the counsels of the yet undisclosed buyers of his and Dr. Klaunberg's stock in the Washington Institute of Medicine, Mr. Borkin seems to have been steadily squeezed out of their operation. He sold his stock on 11 May 1950, but kept an option on re-purchase of fifteen percent for himself and fifteen percent for Dr. Klaunberg. On 30 October 1951 the option was pared to ten percent for Mr. Borkin and ten percent for Dr. Klaunberg in order to provide ten percent to induce Dr. Marti-Ibanez to supervise the journals for MD Publications, Inc. On 28 July 1953 Mr. Borkin sent to Mrs. Siegel his own and Dr. Klaunberg's resignations as directors and officers of Washington Institute of Medicine, Inc.—"which you requested." On 24 January 1955, Mr. Borkin accepted from MD Publications, Inc., and its guarantor, Louis Goldburt, forty non-interest-bearing promisory notes worth $1,250 each in return for what remained of his original financial interest plus unpaid legal fees past due. On 13 August 1959—following *SR's* disclosures that Henry Welch, Ph.D., was working for two antibiotics journals owned by MD Publications, Inc., at the same time that he was being paid an official salary as director of the antibiotics division of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration—MD Publications, Inc., paid off the last twenty-two of Mr. Borkin's forty notes with a lump sum of $24,000.

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a closed door policy of non-thinking on these matters that only follows the present AMA moneyed stand.

So here we have a profession that can easily be, and actually is, controlled by the advertising of a big business, the drug companies.

DR. AND MRS. CARLTON BREHMER
Sheboygan, Wis.

I HAVE JUST READ your article of March 3, entitled "The Struggle for Control of Drug Prescriptions."

If I could, I would nominate you for the Pulitzer Prize for journalism. You have done quite a job. Congratulations!

JAY DEISS
Villa Fontanella
Positano (Salerno)
Italy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jay Deiss has done quite a job of his own toward drug reform. He learned about abuses in the prescription medicine marketing system from the inside, as a minor partner in Medical and Pharmaceutical Information Bureau, the drug promotion agency founded by Dr. Arthur Sackler. Reacting to his experience, Mr. Deiss quit the business and wrote a fictionalized account of how the system worked in one drug house. Titled "The Blue Chips," his book was published in the autumn of 1957 by Simon and Schuster. A review written by SR's Harrison Smith called it "a fascinating and perhaps an alarming novel . . . in a field of the utmost importance to all of us." The American edition is still available here, and British, French, Swedish, German, Czech, Italian, Greek and Swiss editions either have been or are now in the process of being issued.*

In last month's SR *report, which Mr. Deiss here commends, a confusing typographical error occurred. The date of withdrawal of Sackler financial interest in MPIB was inadvertently given as April 1950. According to Dr. Arthur Sackler's testimony before Senator Estes Kefauver's Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, the financial withdrawal occurred in April 1951. This was some months after MPIB published the first press release disclosing the intention of Henry Welch, Ph.D., subsequently deposed director of the antibiotics division of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, to edit a privately owned antibiotics journal. A paper signed by Dr. Arthur Sackler and entered in evidence in the Kefauver drug investigations says that for an undesignated period of time after April 1951, MPIB was operated as an independent drug promotion agency serving clients of the William Douglas McAdams advertising agency, of which Dr. Arthur Sackler is chairman of the board.*

MORE OF THE BUSINESS

CONGRATULATIONS for the excellent presentation on the fund raising problems in our country. This article, which brings to our attention community leaders who stand for moral ethical decency, renders a significant public service.

FRANK ANTHONY
Stow, Mass.

How to Keep from Writing

Continued from page 13

the writer needs to nudge himself into trying to write again, to see if perhaps things have changed inside himself when he was not looking, without his realizing it. This sometimes does happen. When he is writing again he will know if it is so. After all, no one is going to put up a flag for him saying the fleet is in. Since what is changing is the writer himself, he may not know at first that he is any different.

Years ago I read a prescription for stimulating the flow of writing which still seems to me valuable. It is to go to the typewriter on first getting up in the morning, without speaking to anyone, and writing for half an hour, anything that comes to mind. Even if the results seem, read, and are like twaddle, the real idea is to let the contents of the mind, in a semiconscious state, flow. This is purely an exercise, and the results should not be kept. It might also prove refreshing not to think of every single thing produced as professional, but to write like a child, for pleasure and for self-expression.

Underneath all this, of course, remains the hard necessity for self-examination. The writer might pick the subject of his semiconscious writing with some care, bearing this in mind. He might pick the dream of last night to analyze as fiction. He might write about what most enrages him in the work of some other author, and then ponder why it should so enrage him. Or about what he most admires and envies in another author, and ponder *that*. The thing for him is to use the relaxed state to trap what he needs to know about himself, about why he has failed. If he is nerved up, and out gunning for what is the matter, he is far less likely to sight the quarry. But if he pretends he is not really looking very hard, he may just suddenly see what it is he is looking for, standing like a golden-brown deer in a clearing in the deep pine woods.

The first thing I have been trying to say is that the writer should not worry if he cannot write. He will. And the other thing I am trying to say is that opportunity is hidden in his period of nonproductivity — the opportunity for reflection, the opportunity for change. Change for a writer is, as we have seen, the progressive facing of the truth. It is a loosening of the bonds that tie him to illusion. Anyone who is really a writer is going to keep on being a writer. He always was, he always will be. It is the people who were not really writers who drop out — much to their own and other people's advantage. But if the writer is going to become a better writer, he has got to be ready, willing, and waiting for his chance to change.

At this point I, like the old crone in fairy tales who leads the adventurous hero to the edge of the forest, must leave the writer. He must go into the forest alone. I can't even tell him what it is he is in search of. But it ought to be a help, when he finds himself alone under those dark cathedral pines, to realize that he is, at least, in search of *something*. And, like the old crone, I can also give him a parting word of counsel: Fear not.

Kingdoms

By Jeannette Nichols

YOU have come into this personal childhood
as a visitor comes
holding a newly blocked hat
and polite as policemen are sometimes.

Thine is my kingdom if I let you in.

See, the bushes are low here—
leapable. You are the child I am.
Your hat is useless, so scale it
like a stone on the wind. There is
rushing water we will walk through
and here you must leave your shoes.
Those trees are how the other world is:
far off, tall, and we have no time to climb.

Mine is your kingdom if you stay.

(See poetry editor's note on page 19.)

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Movies

Continued from page 20

equivalent of the off-Broadway theatre. If her modestly budgeted film succeeds, it can have important implications—perhaps even the start of an off-Broadway cinema in this country.

Denis and Terry Sanders, working within the frame of a major motion picture company, have clearly attempted something of the same in **"War Hunt"**—and clearly a major studio is uncongenial ground for such experimentation. Basically, they have an exciting and provocative premise: In time of war, a psychotic killer can be a hero, but the moment peace is declared, that man becomes a menace. Ideally, the exposition of this theme would place the accent on the killer's postwar dilemma. But since war films sell better than peace films, the balance goes the other way. The killer, played with catatonic understatement by John Saxon, is shown repeatedly at his grisly rituals in a Korean no man's land; the war over, he is shot promptly—and conveniently—dead. Which is too bad, because what might have been—what was intended to be—a meaningful anti-war picture has been subverted. The perceptive may get the message; but for the rest, they will see it the way that United Artists is selling it—as another war adventure film.

—Arthur Knight.

Three Cheers for Democracy

(From Calvary to Christmas)

By M. B. Thornton

IT was far out dark on the road that night
looking for a tree. I'd got an attack of pleurisy, bellowed now to a redhot blade
by a cat's claw opening in my back window
registering zero (she'd needed a place to have her kittens. Isn't this Christmas?)
That made it draughty (she'd found them a much
sweeter spot by now, not I) besides, it may be I was cheating; all the trees were five dollars a foot until the night before Christmas, or had usually been. This year, though, and I drove the length of the highway,
all was dark. There wasn't a one.

Is

anyone alive still who remembers Bogart? Humphrey? Before he died he'd said "If you've a message, send it to Western Union."

My sister sat trying to mend an Angel, saying over and over again, "It doesn't matter," the table set up for the tree in the corner, dim and empty as never before. "It doesn't matter."

This

is a Democracy. So who was my father?
My father is dead.

Don't be foolish.

He helped build the State? oh and so what and
who cares? who are you?
I dialed Information

could you possibly . . .

No, Madam, not at this hour. But hold the line
connect you with the Supervisor" . . .

"Trees?

No, Madam, not at this hour. But hold the line
please"

Royalty in a Democracy is anybody who cares

"and I'll Inquire.

Yes, Madam, they've trees down the highway to
Sparks. Do you want the number? . . .
A dollar
your choice" . . . and the pain in my back, sweet
Calvary, turned to light on the tree in the manger.

Travel

(*Continued from page 27*)

perhaps is the tiny Pousada de Macao, which has five rooms, offers a Portuguese cuisine (*bacao*, chicken in port wine) served in summer in a garden overlooking the junks and the islands, Macanese and Red Chinese, of the west branch of the Canton River.

The S.S. *Fatshan* of the Yu On Shipping Co. Ltd. sails for Hong Kong each afternoon at five, and the docks, the afternoon I went down to board her, bustled like Le Havre when the boat train is in from the Gare St. Lazare. Stewards in white jackets were on the wharves relieving passengers of baggage, uniformed guards were relieving passengers of five *patacas*, or about one dollar U.S., for the privilege of leaving town, and a sampan off the port bow was busy unloading vegetables. The early arrivals were already settling into the deck chairs, the junks were wheeling back and forth into a brilliant setting sun, and some nervous voyagers were warning the camera enthusiasts not to take pictures of the Communist gunboats. "They once stopped the Hong Kong boat and took some people off,

you know." At five the whistle blew, and the *Fatshan* edged from its pier. In the main lounge British soldiers on leave played poker and drank whiskey. A mother and son played Rochambeau. The wealthy Chinese retired to their cabins. The wealthy Americans clung to the rail and watched the drama of the gunboats and the junks until the sun set. Three hours later we slipped into Hong Kong, brilliant with neon and gay with life. There was a crush at the gangplank and passengers without vaccination certificates were inoculated on the spot by lantern light. Some arriving Orientals were frisked. Bundles and parcels were taken apart in the search for contraband, especially narcotics. It made a fascinating scene, and I could scarcely help but feel that behind some pillar lingered the ghost of Charlie Chan, whispering admonitions to number one son and recalling the pearly morsels of Confucius.

—Horace Sutton.

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(Continued from page 55)

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LARGE, ATTRACTIVELY FURNISHED studio housekeeping apartment in country home. Southern Vermont. Sleeps six. All conveniences. Private swimming. July-August. $500. Box W-859.

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SARASOTA, FLORIDA—Tutoring school. Operated profitably for 33 years. Large school building and cottage. Over 1½ acres right downtown. Room for expanding student body. All real estate and school, $100,000 *with terms by owner.* PREW & LUDDEN, 2086 Main Street.

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IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children 6 to 17, unique combination of family life, music, arts, fun. Professional instructors. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey.

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FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Summer of adventure: boys 9-16 inclusive. Trips: 63-ft. flagship, 42 land, water activities. Approved summer school. Catalogue. Farragut Camps, Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS, 37th year. Boys 7-18. 5 age groups. Near Old Forge. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York.

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VACATIONS

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

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THE CIVILIZED PLACE in Miami Beach is the Venetian Isle Resort Motel, 20 Venetian Way, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 8-7261.

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SEE FLOWERING DESERT. Spring rate $40. King Ranch Housekeeping Cottages, Apache Junction, Arizona.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

MONTEVERDE LODGE and Riding Farm, Shoreham, Vermont, TWilight 7-5111. Lillian and George Conaty, hosts. New weekend and vacation kitchen apartments. Send for Brochure. Riders and non-riders welcome.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 2, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art Colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

10 MILLION ADMISSIONS to Seattle Fair. Our accommodations are limited—vacation en route at operating ranch 30 miles north Yellowstone Park. Ox Yoke Ranch, Emigrant, Montana.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

HOW CAN YOU TELL what it's really like at Deer Hill Inn, Chester, Vermont, without actually having been there? Ask.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

SPRING on nearby farms and hotels for families. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

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TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster, New York. Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

FAMILY VACATION! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Child sleeps with parents or in camp (2-16 years). Swimming, sports, trips. Free pony riding. Excellent food. Golf nearby. Booklet. Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce, Box S, 531 East 20th, New York 10. GRamercy 3-0222.

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CAPE COD WATERFRONT—Sleeps 6—housekeeping facilities. Folder. $45 weekly with utilities. Box W-530.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open mid-June to mid-September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

(Continued on page 58)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 57)

VACATION IN QUIET, country retreat near Lake Erie. Adults only. Box W-895.

TARRY AWHILE at Sky Lodge & Motel . . . informal, complete resort. Pool, golf, excellent food, cocktail lounge. 2 miles north of Jackman. Ed Landgraf, Moose River, Maine.

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THE FALES, Williamstown, Massachusetts. Individual cottages, fireplaces, excellent food. Berkshires.

INTELLIGENT, self-reliant guests wanted for old-fashioned dude ranch. Write to Sid Reynolds, Cora, Wyoming.

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VACATIONS

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SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

TRAVEL

STUDY AND TRAVEL. Live with private families 30-60 days in either France, England, Germany, Italy, or Spain—ages 11-22; from $875. Students 17-27, 60 days residence and study at Le Fleuron, Florence and tour of Europe from $1,585. Paris France Europe Association for Study & Travel, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. CIrcle 5-3560.

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CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT all months except August and September. Windward and Leeward Islands. Summer trade wind cool and calm, comfortable craft, congenial Captains, cordial crews, conservative cost. Cable or correspond (airmail). V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., Box 103, Antigua, The West Indies.

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FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 18th edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 104 pages fully illustrated, price $2.50 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

NAVAJOLAND GYPSY TOUR—Camp out, eat out, sleep out. Come in your car or ride with me. Includes Oak Creek Canyon, Canyon de Chelly, Window Rock. $180 and $250. June 10th-22nd. Wampler Trail Trips, Box 45, Berkeley 1, California.

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Saturday Review
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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1462

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Town, directions to which were asked by the man in the moon who came down too soon (nursery rhyme).

B. Captain Marryat's dashing hero, 1836.

C. Pastoral people of Uganda, of Hamitic-Negro mixture, who are generally very tall.

D. Dangerous, whirlpoollike form of undertow (2 wds.).

E. Certain table implement with very long handle (2 wds. and comp.).

F. What a fleeing animal is said to make, when speed seems to it more important than discretion.

G. English actor-manager, leading comedian, praised by Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt (1774-1831).

H. One of the Windward group of the Society Islands, French Oceania, with peaks 4000 ft. high.

I. Single man of floral buttons.

J. Where one is supposedly administered a scolding (3 wds.).

K. Given name of Leatherstocking.

L. Surrounded by alien territory.

WORDS

54 168 173 147 103 125 76

154 96 139 50

27 129 107 143 88 4

114 66 19 10 90 42 149

169 45 162 35 126 94 25 113 171 138 61 80

160 135 151 102 95 165

120 109 49 79 144 29 5 157

58 166 68 41 105 78

32 89 101 161 16 13 112 31

122 130 146 15 59 170 140 69 75 63 48

62 108 137 34 17

46 106 133 7 132 1 97 123

DEFINITIONS

M. One of Chaminade's most familiar piano pieces; could be a name for Salome's evolutions with seven veils (2 wds.).

N. Worship again (comp.).

O. Believer in existence of people living at a place diametrically opposite to himself, when such a belief was heretical.

P. One of the great civilizing features of the world of the Caesars (2 wds.).

Q. Protective appendages of many winter caps.

R. Capital of one of our newer republics.

S. Small guitar of Portuguese origin popularized by emigrants from that country.

T. Four-to-fivish in the British Commonwealth.

U. Move away, often to allow oneself room for action (2 wds.).

V. Word that has entered the language fairly recently, meaning assumption of superiority and consequent domination of one group over others of different inheritance.

W. Belonging emphatically to you (2 wds.).

WORDS

71 3 85 152 116 55 9 20 77 172

36 30 83 23 175 72 164

11 159 21 2 118 52 176 37 26 70

111 81 86 28 47 121 57 136 104

22 124 91 38 100 67 56

60 150 117 93 167 148 155 158 39 12 134

33 6 141 74 40 128 156

119 44 8 14 174 163 153

131 43 73 18 92 51 82

65 98 110 145 64 84

127 87 53 142 115 24 99

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 L	2 O	3 M	4 C		5 G	6 S	7 L	8 T		9 M	10 D	
11 O	12 R	13 I		14 T	15 J	16 I	17 K		18 U	19 D	20 M	21 O	22 Q	23 N		24 W
25 E	26 O		27 C	28 P	29 G	30 N	31 I		32 I	33 S	34 K		35 E	36 N	37 O	38 Q
39 R	40 S	41 H	42 D		43 U	44 T	45 E	46 L	47 P	48 J	49 G	50 B		51 U	52 O	53 W
54 A	55 M		56 Q	57 P	58 H	59 J		60 R	61 E	62 K	63 J	64 V		65 V	66 D	67 Q
68 H	69 J	70 O	71 M		72 N	73 U	74 S	75 J	76 A		77 M	78 H	79 G	80 E		81 P
82 U		83 N		84 V	85 M	86 P	87 W	88 C	89 I	90 D	91 Q	92 U	93 R	94 E	95 F	96 B
97 L		98 V	99 W		100 Q	101 I	102 F	103 A	104 P	105 H	106 L	107 C	108 K	109 G		110 V
111 P	112 I	113 E	114 D		115 W	116 M		117 R		118 O	119 T	120 G	121 P	122 J	123 L	124 Q
125 A	126 E	127 W	128 S		129 C	130 J	131 U		132 L		133 L	134 R	135 F	136 P	137 K	138 E
139 B	140 J	141 S	142 W	143 C	144 G		145 V	146 J		147 A	148 R	149 D		150 R	151 F	152 M
153 T		154 B	155 R	156 S	157 G		158 R	159 O		160 F	161 I	162 E		163 T	164 N	165 F
166 H	167 R	168 A	169 E	170 J		171 E	172 M	173 A	174 T	175 N	176 O					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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Your first lesson: "A Suburban Street"

A new way to learn how to paint

—for people who have hesitated to try

Now you can experience the thrill of painting in real oils—gain a new understanding and appreciation of art—and acquire a collection of genuine oil paintings that will amaze your friends.

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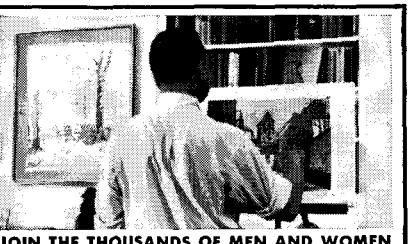

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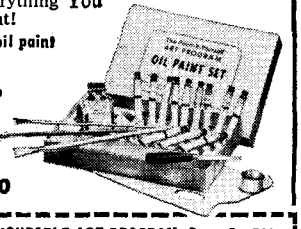

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MRS.
MISS (please print)

Address

City Zone State

I must be perfectly delighted or I may return everything unused within 10 days and cancel my enrollment. (Offer good in U.S.A. only) AP-12

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